

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE ENGLISHMAN WHO DIED ALONE

See  
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Two

### THOMAS BATA AND HIS BOOTS

#### FLYING ROBS EUROPE OF A GREAT LEADER

#### The Marvellous Rise of a Poor Boy in Czecho-Slovakia

#### THE HENRY FORD OF HIS COUNTRY

This is the story of a village lad who made himself famous.

He found his people shod in cloth and shod them in leather. He converted his native place from a village of 4000 struggling tillers of the soil into a town of 36,000 happy and prosperous workers. He started life at 18 with a hard-earned £80 and died at 56 worth about £8,000,000 and owing no man a penny.

He was Thomas Bata, a humble cobbler's son of Zlin in Moravia, and he died in the spectacular way he had lived and worked, for he crashed on one of the high chimneys he had built for his factory when setting out by aeroplane to win more markets for the great industry his energies had established among the Carpathian Mountains.

#### A Modern Miracle

He will go down to history as the Alfred Harmsworth or the Henry Ford of Czecho-Slovakia, for what he accomplished was a modern miracle. Starting as a lad at a cobbler's bench he added to his parent's earnings by hawking cloth, boots, and shoes in the village market, and then went farther afield to Prague and Vienna. He used his savings to employ journeymen cobblers to make the goods he marketed, and his little business prospered. Then came the war and Government contracts.

Thomas Bata flung his whole being into the organisation of his factory, trained new workers, and installed every kind of machine, so that soon 10,000 pairs of leather boots were made each day.

When the war ended he made it his ambition to become shoemaker for the world, and, in spite of the financial stress in Central Europe, he made great progress toward his ideal, owning 2000 shops in his native land and 600 abroad.

#### A Benevolent Autocrat

He had himself to develop his village of Zlin and right well he did it, providing amply for its growing social and material needs. He was an autocrat, and strict discipline was enforced in all his workshops. His apprentices had to rise at dawn and do exercises before breakfast; and in the evening they had to study languages and commercial subjects. Those who persevered he rewarded liberally.

He built hostels and ran restaurants for his workers. His hospital is one of the finest institutions of the kind. He established a great store, supplying food and clothing to his workpeople at cost price; he founded nurseries, kindergarten schools, and soup kitchens for the

### The Olympic Captain



Here is Lord Burghley, the famous hurdler, who is captain of the British team in the Olympic Games which begin this Saturday at Los Angeles, California.

children; and he gave to every new-born baby a savings book with 1000 crowns.

He encouraged his workers by giving them large shares in his profits and persuading them to share any losses when times were hard. It is estimated that the employees' share in his business now amounts to a million pounds.

It goes without saying that Bata was one of the hardest workers in the world, and the story is told that he was once ordered by the doctors to go to a mountain for fresh and cool air.

As he could not afford the time for a holiday he had a special balloon built for £25,000, which was tied to his chimney stacks, and rose 4000 feet above the ground. In this balloon he housed his personal staff and carried on his work as usual.

The Bata business now has factories in Poland, Germany, and Yugo-Slavia, and only last year Thomas Bata flew to England and bought 600 acres as a site for a factory at Tilbury, beside the little fort which General Gordon built,

and from which our engineers in the war watched every night for hostile aeroplanes from the Continent.

Thomas Bata will not see this factory on our riverside, but so well has he trained his staff that there is little doubt that his business will maintain the prosperity with which his firm, kind hand and his indomitable energy endowed it.

#### KEPT IN

At Torda in Transylvania the managers of a school for girls were unable to get their fees paid, so they kept the girls at the school and sent a notice to the parents that the girls would be returned as soon as the school bills were paid.

The fathers replied that they desired nothing better than to pay the bills, but most of them said they were employed by the State, which had not paid their salaries for a year.

The fathers went on to say that the school managers might keep their daughters on the express condition that they were well looked after!

### DOWN IN SOMERSET

#### SOMETHING THAT REALLY HAPPENED

#### Knock and the Door Shall Be Opened Unto You

#### TEA FOR SIX

By a Travelling Correspondent

One of our C.N. friends is away in the wilds of Somerset; one of our travelling correspondents has just returned from there and sends us this story. We send it to our friend still in the wilds hoping that she, too, may come upon this charming farmhouse.

The farmhouse, the only building we could see for miles, looked all a farmhouse should look; it looked also very much like a place where one might find a friendly tea.

It somehow had a look about it of bread, jam, butter and cream, all home made; and to all appearance it was a very friendly place.

The thought flashed through the minds of some hungry travellers who found themselves at tea-time down in the lovely Somerset lanes not far from Wellington, travellers partly on foot and partly in a pony carriage. So one of them knocked on the door.

#### Ringing For More

It was apparently the housekeeper who opened it.

"Can we get tea here, please?" asked the eldest traveller. The housekeeper hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Would you mind waiting just a minute?" she said, and disappeared.

Presently she came back.

"How many are there of you?"

"Six humans, a pony, and a dog."

"Come in," she answered, smiling.

So they entered, all except the pony, who decided to be fed outside.

The tea was excellent. Everything was excellent, including a charming old-world room; and the cream was so good that the travellers rang for more. Two or three times they rang for things such as hot water, and each time it was smilingly brought in.

#### Who Was the Host?

Then came the time for leaving, and consequently for paying.

The travellers rang the bell once more and the housekeeper smiled again. "I am sorry," she said, "but I can't take anything. You see, this is a private house, and the gentleman will only be too pleased if you have enjoyed your tea. He asks me to give you his best wishes."

The invisible host remains a mystery to this day, and he will never know who his visitors were, or anything about them, except that they must have eaten up all his cream.

We hope his eye will fall on the C.N. this week, that he may have the joy of knowing that one more kindly deed has gone around the world.



## HE DIED ALONE ONE MORE GALLANT ENGLISHMAN

How Cuthbert Christy's Life  
Came To An End

### EXPLORER AND NATURALIST

The full story has just come through of the courageous manner in which Dr Cuthbert Christy, the British explorer and naturalist, faced death alone in the Belgian Congo after he had been mortally wounded by a buffalo.

At 68 Dr Christy was still an exceptionally useful man. He had expert knowledge of tropical diseases, and not long before his death he had been to Liberia as chairman of the commission which made important investigations into the sinister reports of slavery. No sooner had he finished this none-too-easy piece of work than he was invited by the Belgian powers that be to undertake a zoological mission in the Congo and obtain specimens of elephants and other animals for the Belgian Museum.

#### The Wounded Buffalo

With the enthusiasm of 18 rather than 68 Dr Christy set out on this expedition. The party made headquarters in the Welle District, north-east of Belgian Congo, and from here Christy set out one day with three native hunters, two boys, and 25 carriers, making their way up the Aka River to search for elephants.

There were only two black boys with him when he sighted a herd of buffaloes. Dr Christy was not one of those so-called sportsmen who kill for the sake of killing. He had his duties to carry out, and here was a fine chance of obtaining a specimen for the museum.

He fired at a range of 60 yards and unfortunately wounded but did not kill a male buffalo. Few people realise that the buffalo is one of the fiercest and most dangerous of all the wild beasts. The wounded animal made a frenzied charge at the men. The two trackers were young and managed to get away in time, but Dr Christy was not so agile. He received a tremendous blow and was flung in the air. After falling heavily on his head he was badly gored. The black boys managed to dispatch the buffalo, and then they carried their friend back to camp.

#### Help That Came Too Late

Although Dr Christy was suffering agonies he stoically directed the boys as they washed and bandaged his wound. The nearest station was 50 miles away, and a runner was sent to fetch a medical assistant.

But help came too late. Dr Christy was soon past human aid. Two days after his terrible experience he knew that he had but a short time left in the world. Perhaps he did not want to give pain to the companions who had nursed him so devotedly, for he ordered them all out of his tent, and there, with no one to witness his suffering, he lingered until the afternoon and bravely died alone.

### THE MARVELS OF A FLYING-BOAT

Though we are entirely opposed to the purpose for which she has been built we cannot withhold our admiration of the design and workmanship of the newest aircraft made in England.

It is a 5800 horse-power flying-boat with a wing span of 120 feet. Nearly twice as large as any we had built before, and weighing nearly 70,000 pounds, this new machine can alight on and rise from rough seas. She can also be left at anchor for a long period without deterioration as all her under-water parts are made of stainless steel.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares . . . . .	An-tay-reez
Canopus . . . . .	Ka-no-pus
Cynewulf . . . . .	Kin-e-woolf
Kirghiz . . . . .	Ker-geez

## WORKING FOR A BETTER WORLD

More Friendliness  
in Europe

### PEACE ALL ROUND

One of the immediate results of the friendly spirit arising from the conference at Lausanne was an agreement to agree in future.

Primarily it was a document composed by the French and British Governments, endorsing their mutual decision to carry on the new spirit in Europe. They announced to the world their intention of exchanging views candidly about and keeping each other informed about any future problems in Europe; and, further, they invited other Governments to join them in this.

In the next place they announced that they were going to work together and with other nations at Geneva to reach a good and fair solution of the Disarmament question.

Thirdly, they declared they would join hands in preparing for the World Economic Conference so as to ensure its successful issue.

Finally, France and England agreed not to enter into a tariff war or injure each other commercially pending the negotiation of a new commercial treaty.

As a proof of the new team spirit made evident by this agreement, Italy and Belgium announced that they, too, would join England and France and subscribe to the agreement.

There is no doubt that a new spirit is abroad and the clouds are rapidly dispersing from the sky as we write.

### A LONDON WONDER

New Bridge Appears in the  
Midst of a Quarrel

While the L.C.C. and all concerned have been quarrelling about bridges over the Thames the L.C.C. has been quietly building a new bridge at Lambeth.

Its opening by the King came almost as a surprise to Londoners themselves, but they will soon realise how helpful to traffic the new bridge will be.

It is a steel structure of five arches; it is nearly 240 yards long and 20 yards wide, and contains 4000 tons of British steel. It cost just over £500,000.

It opens up a new route to the City and the Docks, and vehicles which cross it can cut off a bend of the Thames and relieve the Strand of much traffic.

In connection with the scheme certain property has been demolished, with the result that Lambeth Church and Lambeth Palace stand out nobly in the picture, and the banks of the Thames hereabouts are once more a delight to the eye.

With Vauxhall Bridge on one side and Westminster Bridge on the other this new bridge should prove a great help to all who cross the Thames in this area. Would it not be possible to organise some great roundabout of traffic, and make all three bridges even more useful in the future?

### METHODISM AS ONE CHURCH

Its First President

The new Methodist Church, united after its long history in sections, is to have as its first president a man whom all men delight to honour.

Dr Scott Lidgett, who has been elected, by the graceful retirement of the Rev Luke Wiseman, who received more votes, has been a Wesleyan minister for 56 years and has been one of the most prominent of workers for the good of London.

He founded the Bermondsey Settlement, has led the Progressives on the London County Council, and has been Vice-Chancellor of London University.

## A FINE BOAT FOR FINE MEN

From Lloyd's to the  
Hebrides

### WONDERFUL VESSEL AT BARRA ISLAND

A new boat has been added to a noble fleet. Her name is Lloyd's and her owners the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

She was christened at Cowes by Lady Mackinnon, and presented to the Institution by Sir Percy Mackinnon, Chairman of Lloyd's.

It was a happy idea to call this powerful boat by so great a name. Ever since the Lifeboat Institution was founded, in 1824, Lloyd's have generously remembered the needs of the men who so often risk their lives for the sake of others.

During that time the character of the lifeboat has gone through unbelievable changes, and this, the last, is in a way the last word.

#### Oil on the Troubled Waters

She can pour her own oil on the troubled waters round a wreck by means of a spray in the bows, can fire a life-line from a gun, and can search for men adrift in the wild seas by means of an electric searchlight. She is liberally lighted from stem to stern.

Her crew numbers eight. Ten people can sit comfortably in her cabin, and she can carry a hundred in the roughest weather. She has twin screws and there are two 60-h.p. engines to drive her. She can make nine knots with comfort, and if necessary can cover 120 miles before she must put in for petrol. With full equipment of crew and machinery she weighs 26 tons. Her measurements are 51 feet by 13 feet six inches.

The home of the Lloyd's is the new lifeboat station at Barra Island in the Outer Hebrides. Seas are calm in the Far North just now, and there is not much need of the Lloyd's searchlight, for these summer nights in the Hebrides are, as someone has charmingly said, no night, but only twilight and dawn. When autumn comes and the gales lash those wild shores it will be good to think of the new boat in the hands of the brave men at Barra Island.

### QUEENS BY POST

Through June and July thousands of queen bees are sent by post to England from Bologna, which is a famous centre for the export of queen bees.

They are placed in wooden boxes five inches long and an inch square with a piece of wire gauze at one end for air. Each queen has three or four ordinary bees in the box with her, and each box has a lump of candied sugar, which keeps them alive through the four days they are in transit.

Sometimes as many as eleven boxes are made up into one packet, and as each queen is valued at from ten shillings to a guinea they are despatched by registered post.

Very few bees die on the way, which is remarkable when we realise that they are smothered with letters and newspapers, tied up in mail bags, and buried beneath scores of other bags.

Surely no other queen travels in such an undignified manner.

### THE FIRST SCHOOL LANDING GROUND

The C.N. sends the congratulations of all its readers to Huyton Hill School in Lancashire, which has established the first school landing ground in the world, of which we have already given a picture in the C.N.

The boys have laid out the letters H. H. in concrete 30 feet long so that their parents can see where to land when they pay a call by air. The ground is available for all civil aeroplane clubs and private fliers.

## VINCENT WYKING'S WINDOW

A Tale of 512 Years Ago

### THE BOX OF BROKEN GLASS

Just 512 years ago there walked about the streets of Oxford a man named Vincent Wyking, of whom we know three things: that he was once a Fellow of Merton, that he was vicar of St Peter in the East, and that he was gifted with excellent taste.

Some very ugly things have been given to churches, but the stained-glass he gave to St Peter's was very beautiful.

The years went by. Someone with far less taste became vicar. The fifteenth-century glass was removed. Alas for poor Parson Wyking's dream of giving Oxford folk something that should be eternally beautiful!

A little while ago someone was poking about in the Priest's Chamber at St Peter's. Many of our old churches have these little rooms over the porch, and most of them get filled with lumber, but few hold such treasure as the searcher found here.

#### A Very Beautiful Figure

In a box were a great many pieces of coloured glass. They were handed over to Mr Caldwell, the expert who is in charge of the glass of Canterbury Cathedral. He found they belonged to the 15th century, and when he had pieced them together they fitted the upper compartment of the three lights in the north window of the Lady Chapel given by Vincent Wyking in 1420.

Once they must have shown three people, each under a canopy. Now the middle figure is missing, but the saints who stood to left and right are back in their old places.

In the same place there have been found a very beautiful figure of Christ, a head of St Christopher, and a figure of John the Baptist. All these pieces are even older than the Wyking window.

### A PRESENT FOR DR SCHWEITZER

Dr Albert Schweitzer—the great Alsatian musician, theologian, and missionary doctor who has been spending a month in England receiving degrees in recognition of his work from the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and St Andrews, and lecturing and giving organ recitals in aid of his hospital—had a delightful surprise before he left England.

Among the last visitors who came to see him was a boy from the Quaker school at Saffron Walden in Essex. This boy had won first prize in a speaking competition not long ago when he took as his subject Dr Schweitzer and his work at Lambarene, and he brought with him a sum of £2 os 6d, the proceeds of a collection made in the school for Dr Schweitzer's hospital.

The doctor made him sit next to him at lunch, and then, in his beautiful, careful handwriting, wrote a special letter of thanks to the boys and girls of the school.

### THINGS SAID

Take advantage of your adversities.  
Sir Walter Runciman

He who illtreats animals is not an Italian.  
Signor Mussolini

Let us do away with our prejudices and find the good qualities in every man.  
President of Manchester Rotary Club

£1,000,000 in brewing employs 550 workers; in textiles 6622, in railways 5791, in building 4885.  
An Appeal Against Alcohol

I believe in censorship because of the fallibility of authors; I disbelieve in it because of the fallibility of censors.  
Mr Robert Lynd

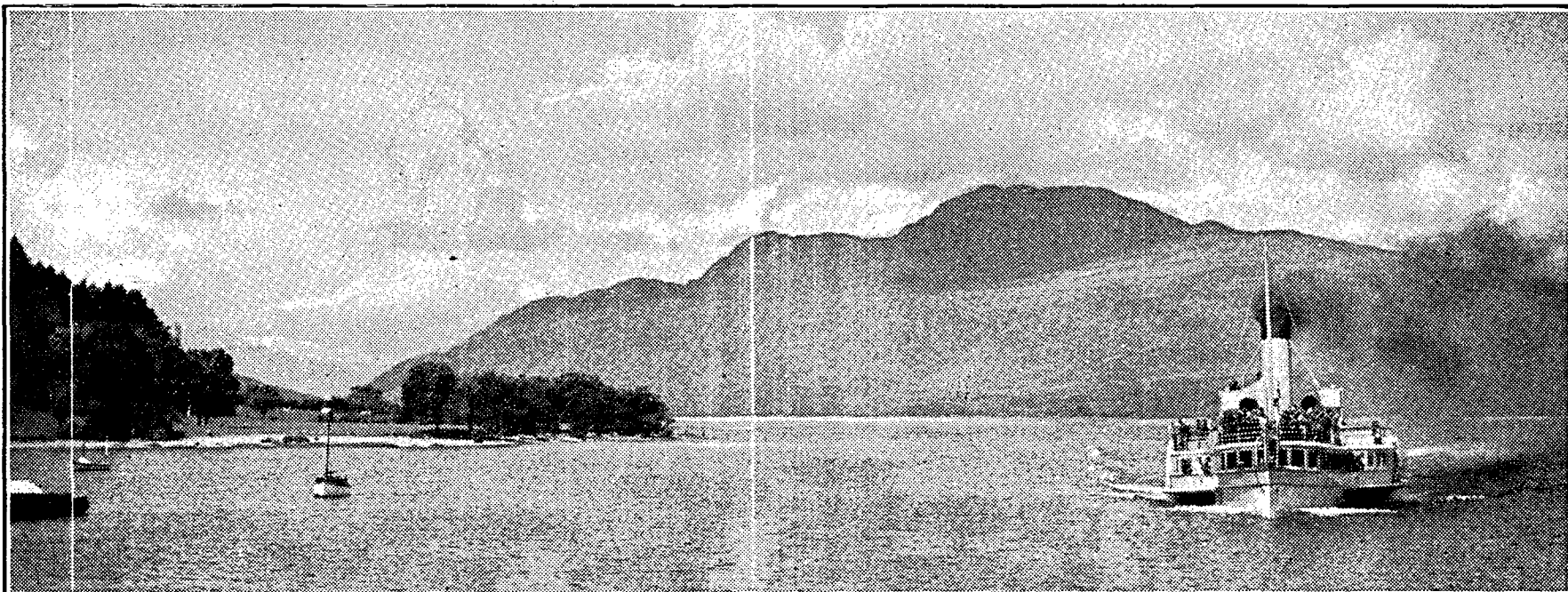


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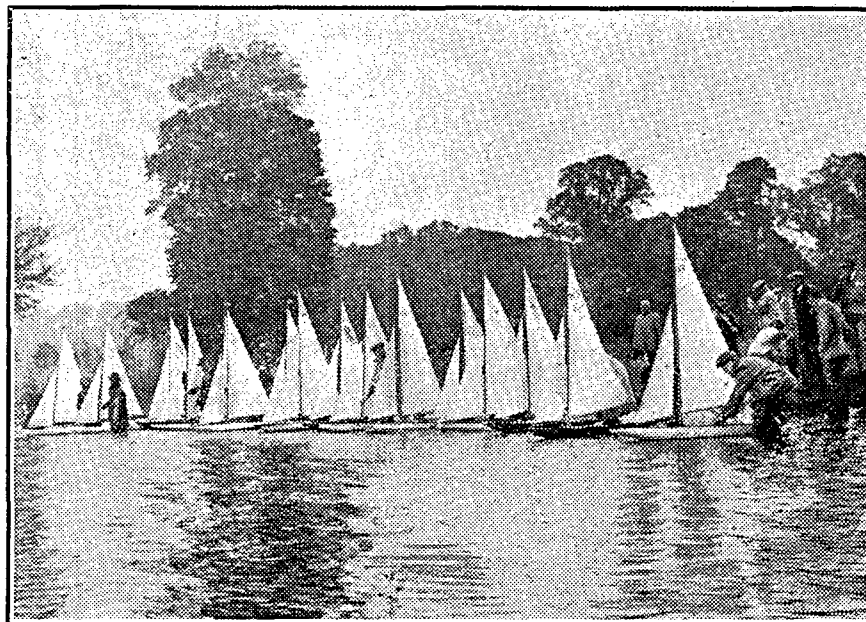
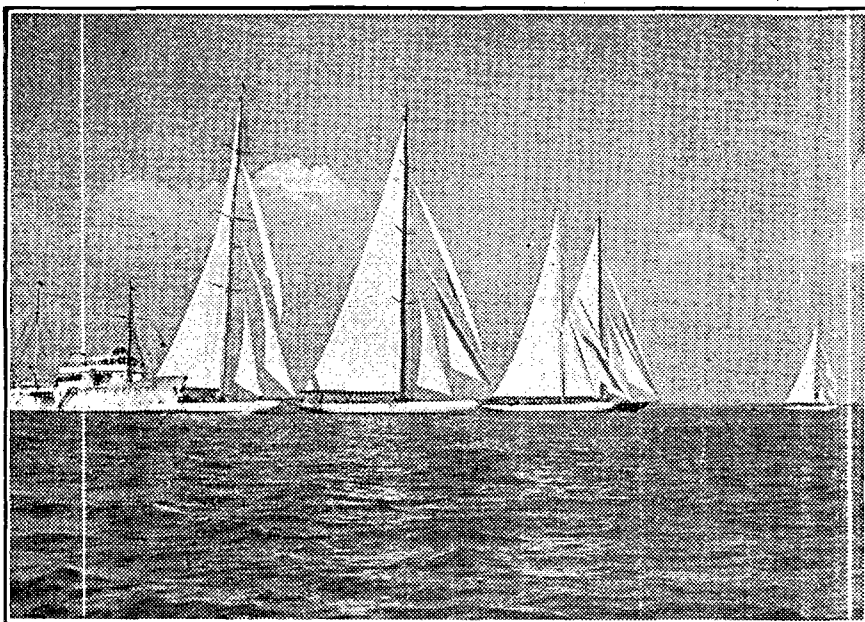
*The Children's Newspaper*

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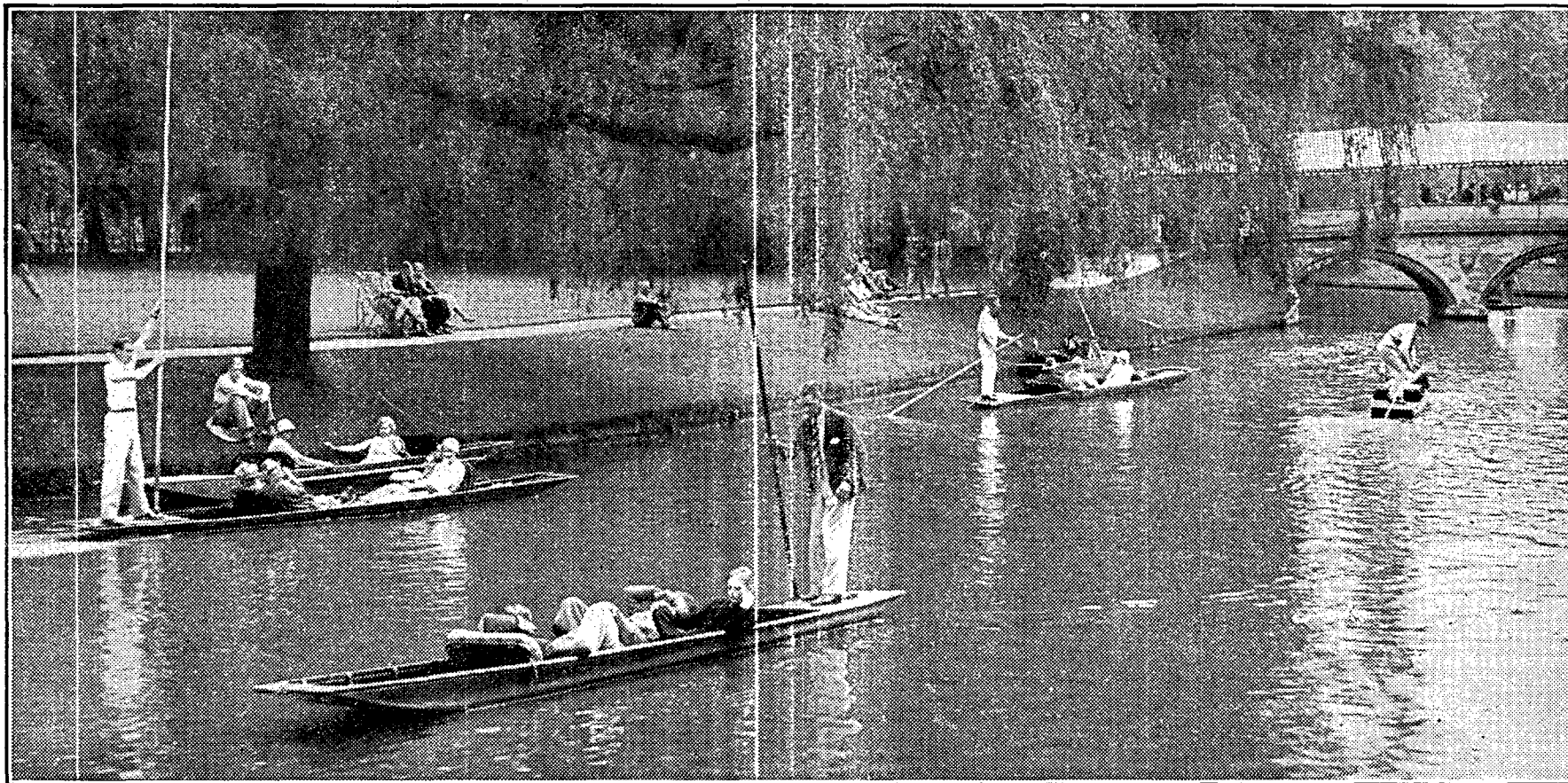
# LOCH LOMOND · YACHTS BIG AND SMALL · ON THE RIVER AT CAMBRIDGE



Loch Lomond—Here we see one of the steamers that take holiday-makers to view the bonny banks of Loch Lomond. Many visitors to Scotland are drawn to this beautiful district by the romantic atmosphere the old song has given it. Mr Kaye Don's record water-speed of 120 miles an hour was made on this loch.



Big Yachts and Little Yachts—On the left are yachts of the biggest class in a race at Harwich regatta, and on the right we see a number of models being prepared for a race on a pond at Surbiton.



Cambridge—No picture could be more unmistakably English than this view of the River Cam at Cambridge, with Trinity Bridge in the background. The punts are gliding under the shady willows at the backs of the ancient colleges.



## RAHERE'S CHURCH A NEW PICTURE GALLERY FOR IT

The Fine Spirit of Three Friends  
and What Has Come of It

### ST BARTHOLOMEW'S GREAT DAY

For more than a generation three friends of London worked to make beautiful again one of our noblest churches, and their dream has come true. They were the two brother architects Sir Aston Webb and Mr Edward Alfred Webb and Mr Frederick Dove. All three have now passed from the world, Mr Dove having died only a few weeks before the completion of the work he loved to do—the restoration of St Bartholomew's, which, after Temple Church and the Norman chapel in the Tower, is the most ancient place of worship remaining in London.

#### Two Fine Pieces of Work

It was a great day for St Bartholomew's when Old London came to life again about her walls. The Lord Mayor, wearing his scarlet robes and his golden chain, went in state with his sheriffs to the ancient church.

It was a day of rejoicing for Londoners, for it marked the accomplishment of two fine pieces of work. One of these was the adornment of Rahere's magnificent church by a set of paintings on the choir screen by Mr Frank Beresford, who has given London a new gallery of scenes from the life of the great founder of the hospital and the church. His pictures, some of which we reproduce elsewhere in this C.N., make a welcome note of colour in the church, and in painting them Mr Beresford has shown the faces of modern people. We recognise Canon Savage, the rector, in the portraits of Rahere. A verger, churchwarden, and a lay reader also look down from the panels. Mr Frank Beresford himself appears in another picture. It is splendid to see so fine a revival of beauty in one of the most ancient and stately churches in England.

#### The Wondrous Romance

At the ceremonial service the Lord Mayor unveiled the paintings and spoke of "the wondrous romance of Rahere, the great man, half-minstrel, half-priest, and more wizard than either," who reverently obeyed the heavenly vision eight centuries ago and founded London's oldest hospital and this church.

Through the new porch and round by the Cloth Fair, where so many clamorous voices of the past have cried their wares, the gay-coloured procession now made its way to the door of the historic gatehouse, which was once the western entrance to the church and led into the long-vanished nave.

Very nearly was this old building lost to London. Years of neglect and the shakings it received during air raids (when a bomb revealed its old Tudor front all unsuspected) had weakened it so much that two years ago it was condemned as a dangerous structure.

#### A Delightful Little House

Its restoration, after much difficulty and expense, is the second fine piece of work which has lately been accomplished, and now a delightful little house has been furnished as living quarters for the rector. There is a staircase of new oak, but many old black beams still support the walls and ceilings.

Faces of many centuries have looked down from its windows. From here kings and princes have witnessed jousts and tournaments. Once, from the window of what is now the rector's study, Queen Mary watched martyrs being burned at the stake. Here lived, some 40 years later, Philip Scudamore, lance-bearer to Queen Elizabeth, whose descendant, Lord Chesterfield, presented the key of the gatehouse the other day to our twentieth-century Lord Mayor, who formally unlocked the door. As he

## A RIVER STORY Toy Boats of Long Ago UNCLE'S LITTLE WAY

The summer sets us all thinking of the river, with its silvery silent highway and its cool green banks.

Lord Farrer has just been telling of a river journey made in 1875, and we are very glad that he has, if only for the sake of the adventure at Mapledurham.

They were a party of six—three boys, a father, an uncle, and a grown-up friend. Victorian fathers could have very delightful ideas, and this one devised a row down the Thames from Oxford to Richmond.

When they got to Medmenham the inn was full, so they were obliged to sleep in the ruined abbey, an experience which the boys probably enjoyed a good deal more than the grown-ups.

It was when the party wanted to walk up the towpath to Mapledurham that the first serious hitch occurred.

The ferryman said they could not go, because "only people towing boats are allowed here."

#### The Toy Boats

What were they to do? It was the loveliest walk in the South of England, the grown-ups said, and the boys had never seen it before. They could not hire a barge for the sake of being allowed to take that walk.

But Uncle, Sir William Farrer, was not a man who gave in readily. The party withdrew—only to return. By and by the ferryman saw three men and three boys coming toward him, each towing a toy boat by a bit of string. Now he could not refuse them.

Each boat had a cargo of sandwiches. The tow-ers explained to the ferryman that they were quite ready to pay toll on the cargo; as ham sandwiches did not figure on the list, he charged them for pigs and flour. Then they took their walk, gravely towing the boats that gave them a right to it.

It was well worth the toll fee.

## DR JOAN OF DOWNING STREET

Miss Joan and Miss Sheila MacDonald do not come into the limelight as much as their elder sister, the popular hostess of Downing Street, for as undergraduates at Edinburgh and Oxford both have been away a great deal from London.

After years of steady work Miss Joan has been rewarded. From Edinburgh the news has come that she has now the right to put after her name the much-coveted letters M.B. and Ch.B., which show the world that she is competent both in medicine and surgery.

Miss Joan has not decided yet whether she will go on working for her full degree. She thinks that as she is engaged to a medical man it is unlikely she will practise medicine. Whatever her future may be, she intends to do all she can to help in the medical side of the care of children, for she has always been attracted by this work.

Continued from the previous column

did so he stood near the spot where a Lord Mayor of London slew Wat Tyler.

The gatehouse has been restored in memory of the three friends who worked for 40 years to bring back its lost beauty to St Bartholomew's. Once there was a printing office in the Lady Chapel. Once there was a smithy, and the blacksmith could be seen at work by peeping down from the triforium. All that has gone, and St Bartholomew's is itself again, with the gatehouse standing in its new beauty as a monument to the three men to whose enthusiasm we owe all this splendid work. The President of the Royal Academy unveiled a stone inscribed with their names, and all who were present felt that their kindly spirit was still about this place, saved by them for all time as one of the most romantic corners of Old London.

Pictures on pages 7 and 9

## THE ELECTRIC JOKE Three Charges and Three Meters

### SHALL A BAD SYSTEM BE WORSE?

We have before commented on the evil system of making two charges for electricity, a higher charge for lighting and a lower charge for the provision of heating and power.

It is a system which wastes capital, material, and labour while restricting the use of current.

In a district where this bad system prevails a householder who desires to use electricity has to have his house doubly wired and have two meters fixed. The one set of wires is restricted by special plugs to light lamps; the other set of wires, also with special plugs, is restricted to heat and power. Thus the same electricity is distributed in the house by two distinct systems, connected with two distinct meters, and paid for separately at different rates. In the course of a year this means that an enormous amount of money is wasted in wiring houses and business premises.

#### Science and Absurdity

Not content with this duplex system, it is now suggested that a third meter should be installed by the householder to enable a special charge for electricity to be made for the use of wireless sets. If this were done it would mean that millions of new meters would have to be installed and specially connected.

The reason given for the suggested extra charge for current for wireless is that a wireless set uses so little current. This surely reduces science to an absurdity. Because science has provided us with wireless apparatus that consumes only a little current, it is proposed that we should pay a special and fancy price for that little!

The prospect of a house with three electricity meters, the first measuring current for lighting, the second measuring current for fires and motors, and the third measuring current for wireless, is from one point of view a joke; but we do not think that the electricity authorities should be encouraged to make practical jokes.

## THE CANNIBALS WERE AFRAID

### But Not Reginald Livesey

"He might have been a famous man!" has been said of many. Most often there is a reproach in the saying, for it means "If only he had not wasted his time!"

But of Reginald Livesey, who was brilliant and brave, it has been said that he might have been a famous man if he had not been so modest.

He did the things that make other men famous. At 19 he journeyed 3000 miles into the interior of Queensland, and was five days without food during part of this perilous exploration. Then he wished to study the bird life of a Pacific island, and lived on it for many months, alone except for the natives, who were cannibals. It was the cannibals who were afraid, not Livesey. For safety's sake he slept in a dismal grove where human sacrifices were made, because the natives believed it to be haunted and did not like to go there after dark.

All his life he was a traveller and a naturalist. When he was 76 he made a pilgrimage through Africa.

Now he has died at Brundish Manor in Suffolk aged 78, and people are asking themselves why he is not as famous as his friend and old school-fellow Frederick Courteney Selous. It is only, they think, because he made such extraordinary efforts to hide his light under a bushel.

## SECRET BEHIND A WALL

### News of Early Christians

### WHAT AN ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE REVEALED

The earthquake which shook Southern Italy in 1930 has had one interesting result: it has led to the discovery of the bones of some of the earliest Christians in Europe.

The church of St Peter-at-Aran in Naples has an ancient crypt in which is a massive wall built of the stones and pillars which in Roman days formed part of a Temple of Apollo.

Both the church and its foundations were so injured by the earthquake that it was necessary to reconstruct the wall, and behind it has been revealed a number of vaulted chambers, each six feet long and each holding a skeleton at rest on a stone bed and pillow. On the walls are frescoes almost as brilliant in colouring as when they were painted and proving that here is a burial-place of Christians.

Down the ages there has been repeated a legend that Peter himself came here and converted Saint Candida, who perished in the Diocletian persecution and is said to lie in a church bearing her name outside the Portuan Gate at Rome.

Can it be that this wall at Naples was built to preserve the bones of the early saints from the marauding hands of some alien invader?

It is thought the discovery may clear up many mysteries about the first centuries of Christianity in Europe.

## A JEWEL AND ITS STORY From Queen Elizabeth To Sir Francis Drake

Sir Francis Drake was present at the 21st annual meeting of the Society for Nautical Research.

There he was at the Royal Naval Hospital, Greenwich, just as Marcus Gheeraerts the Elder saw him in the year of the defeat of the Armada. Gheeraerts saw him in the flesh, and members of the society saw him on canvas; that is the only difference.

The portrait has just turned up, some three centuries after it was painted.

How can we be certain that the man in the picture is Sir Francis Drake? The answer is very interesting.

The man in the portrait wears a jewel. Down in Devonshire is the beautiful old house of Lord and Lady Seaton, filled with precious relics of Drake. There the Editor of the C.N. has seen Drake's drum, his compass, and has had in his hand the very jewel shown in the portrait. It was presented to the hero by Queen Elizabeth after his immortal voyage round the world, and she gave it to him at Greenwich.

## THE PRINCESS MEETS EVA MITCHELL

The Princess Royal must have been as proud to meet Guide Eva Mitchell as Guide Eva Mitchell was to meet the Princess Royal.

The little Guide is only 11, but when her baby sister fell overboard from a yacht Eva dived to the rescue.

At a rally of Essex Girl Guides held at Brentwood the Princess presented a bronze medal for life-saving to her. The small heroine belongs to the 5th Leigh-on-Sea Company.

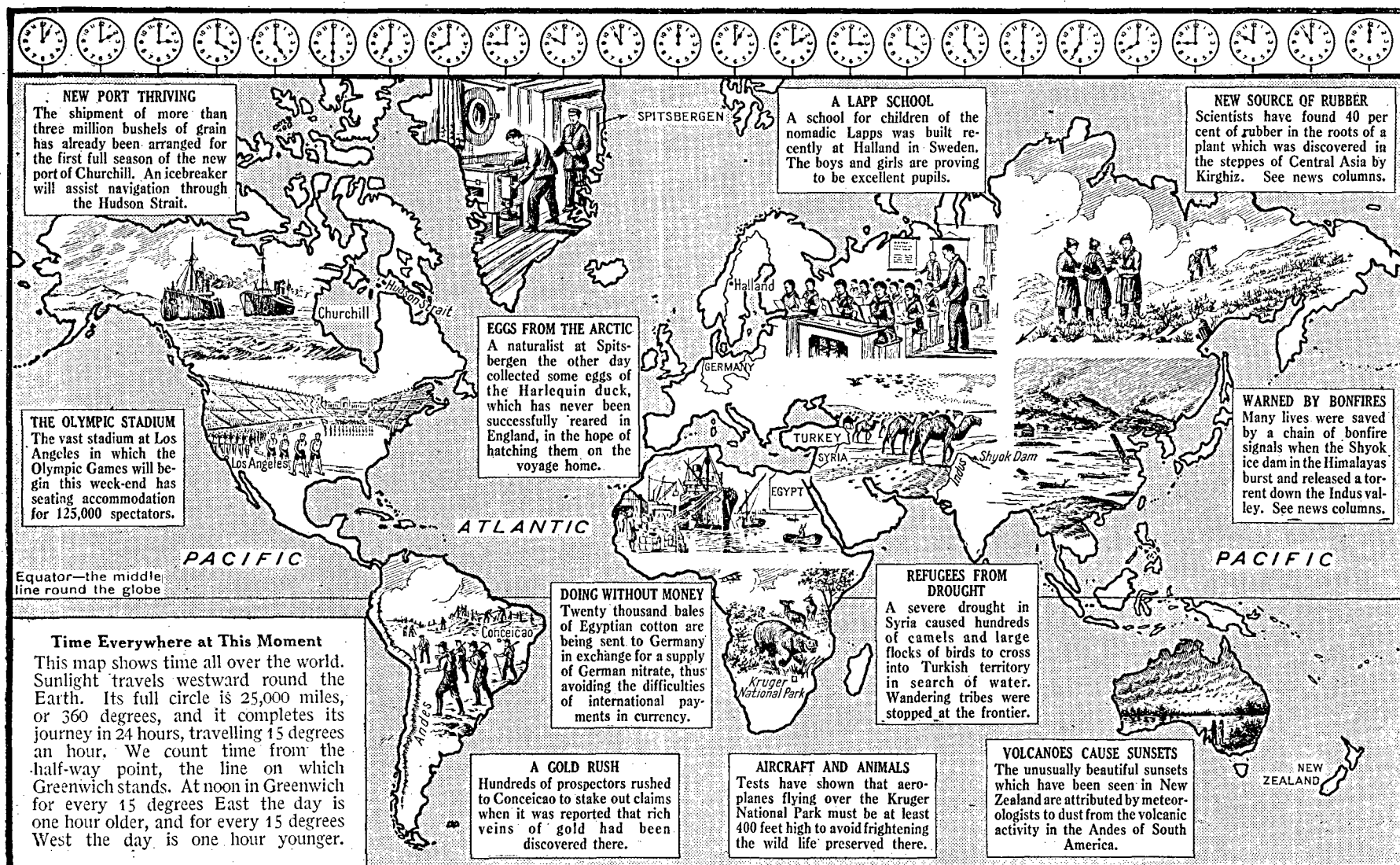
## FREE TRADE FOR ART

Art and science have gained by an order of the Treasury adding paintings, drawings, and museum exhibits to the Free List under the Import Duties Act.

Art students will now be able to bring home sketches made on their holidays without paying a duty on them. It is an amazing thing that such a duty should ever have been imposed.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A HERO UNAWARES The Brave Parson of Winterton

This is the strange true story of a fine man's end.

There was a certain parson who had a great admiration for heroes; he never guessed that he was one himself. He thought it was right that in every church there should be a memorial to the men of the place who had died in the war, but he thought it wrong that there should not also be memorials to the heroes of peace.

Many of the men in his parish were fishermen. He had heard many tales of danger and sacrifice and heroism from them, and so he decided to make for his church, the parish church of Winterton, Norfolk, a Fisherman's Memorial. There should be recorded the names of those who had given their lives at sea since the end of the war. He never finished the memorial, and now someone else will put his name there, for our hero, the Rev C. A. P. Porter, saw a boy get into difficulties while he was bathing, went to the rescue, and was drowned.

The good parson had always loved heroes, and in his humility had never guessed that he was a hero himself. We grow like the things we love, and sooner or later there comes a crisis revealing the truth.

## A SPANIEL'S WARNING

"What is the matter, Mick? Come downstairs!" cried one of the maids the other day as she heard the King Charles spaniel howling on the upstairs landing of a house in Wanstead Park.

Mick took no notice. He sat outside the nursery door and howled. The children were all out, but that often happened, and he had never before behaved like this.

Soon the maid became alarmed, for Mick gave a long-drawn-out howl as if he were desperate.

Rushing upstairs the maid heard a noise of crackling in the nursery, and, throwing the door open, found the big toy box ablaze.

## THE JOLLIEST PACK OF DOGS

### High Up Above the Clouds

High above the clouds in Switzerland lives the jolliest little pack of dogs in the world. The terminus at Jungfraujoch is their home.

The railway up the Jungfrau is one of the greatest achievements of Swiss engineers. It carries travellers through hour-long tunnels bored through rock to a height of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea and to one of the most wonderful views in Europe.

The railway company has purchased a team of Alaskan dogs which were brought to Europe to act in a film. With others from Siberia and Greenland these willing animals draw the sledges which carry visitors over the snowfields and the glaciers in summer and enjoy a happier life than they would in the valleys below.

## THE KING AND QUEEN MISS MARY CURTIS

There was a little story most people did not know when the King and Queen paid a call the other day on a lady who lives on the top floor of a well-known building.

They made the journey to the top specially for her sake, and she was so delighted that she said to the King:

"Perhaps your Majesty would be kind enough to shake hands again?"

He was very willing. She was Mrs Elvey, who at 93 is the oldest patient in the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables at Putney.

The other little story is that the King and Queen were very sorry to learn that they were just too late to shake hands with Miss Mary Curtis, who had died after being in hospital 62 years.

It is well for us to think about the patients in the Hospital for Incurables at times and to say to ourselves: "There, but for the grace of God, lie I."

## THE TARIFF IN THE WAY Taking It Off the Machine

We are glad to see a long list of machines which are to be exempted from Customs Duty on importation.

Among the untaxed articles are machine tools, agricultural and dairy machinery, textile machinery, sugar machinery, glass, chemical, and soap machinery, and various machines for paper-making, printing, bookbinding, box-making, cable-making, brush-making, and food preparation. Electric furnaces are also untaxed.

In addition, as we understand it, firms requiring other special machines from abroad can make application for free importation.

The length of this free machinery list is very instructive, for it shows how many important machines have still to be obtained from abroad.

## TAU-SAGIS

### A New Source of Rubber

Kirghiz nomads, roaming over the steppes of Central Asia, came by accident across a new plant growing wild in the mountains of Kazakstan. It is called tau-sagis.

Russian scientists found that its roots contain up to 40 per cent of coagulated pure rubber. So tau-sagis came into the scheme of things of the Soviet.

In the new second Five-Year Plan tau-sagis has an important place. Russia imports a great deal of rubber; and as her factories turn out more and more motor transport she will need more and more rubber. Tau-sagis grows nowhere else but in Central Asia, so she plans to have at least 1,400,000 acres in cultivation by 1937.

She hopes to get 88,000 tons of rubber from this, of which 65,000 tons will be commercially usable. See World Map

## THE INDUS IN FLOOD How Nature Makes and Breaks a Dam

Inhabitants in the valley of the Upper Indus have fled in haste to the hills, while the floods poured down from the Himalayas, sweeping all before them.

Much though English engineers have accomplished in saving India from flood and famine they have not yet been able to stem the awful rush of water caused by the melting of snow and ice on the Roof of the World. By an elaborate system of watching and warning, however, they have been able to save the natives of Kashmir and the North-West Frontier Province from sudden surprise and death.

A glacier is the cause of this recurrent trouble. The Shyok River, a tributary of the Indus, flows through a deep and narrow gorge on its way through the Karakoram Mountains in the extreme north of India. Across this gorge the Little Khumdan glacier pushes its way, sometimes forming a barrier 1000 feet thick and 400 feet high.

The snows around it melt sooner than the ice which forms this dam, with the result that a vast lake is formed in the early days of summer. When the ice gives way under the pressure the water races down, raising the level of the Indus 50 feet even so far down its course as 600 miles. See World Map

## CONSTANTINOPLE HALF WHAT IT WAS

The population of Constantinople is now about 635,000.

It is a remarkable fact that it is now only about half what it was ten years ago.

With the transfer of the Turkish Government to Angora the old capital has lost its political importance, although it retains its natural advantages and will always be a great city.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 30

1932

## America Now

IN Europe common sense has triumphed. What of America?

By the agreement at Lausanne reparations are no more. Germany is to pay nothing for three years, and after three years is to pay one sum of £150,000,000 instead of sixty annual sums of £100,000,000.

Moreover, even the single final payment is not to be made unless German credit improves substantially. If it does not do that within fifteen years the single final payment disappears altogether. Further, if the payment is ever made it is to be paid, not in cash, but in redeemable bonds. Last, but not least, this single payment is not for reparations, but is to be a contribution toward European reconstruction—as an assistance to the bankrupt States of the Danube and Eastern Europe.

This settlement is a great step toward ensuring the peace of Europe. For the next advance we look to America.

European War Reparations have been mainly payments to America, because what Germany borrowed to pay (until she could borrow no longer) was again transferred in payment of War Debts across the Atlantic.

America must now see that her other European creditors can only go on repaying the American War Debt by prolonging commercial depression in Europe and therefore by endangering peace.

America has to ask herself whether the European democracies will consent to continue to find instalments paid, as President Hoover put it before he was President, "out of the woe and swelter of Europe."

In the case of Germany the ending of War Reparations is really the recognition that Germany cannot continue to pay. In the matter of War Debts, America must equally see that it is also a question of European inability to pay.

But that is not all. The only way in which Europe could conceivably go on repaying War Debt would be in the shape of exporting goods to the United States, and the America tariff is expressly designed to prevent America receiving goods from Europe. Therefore the continued exaction of War Debt would really amount to a demand that Europe should pay America still more gold, while America cannot use the vast amount of gold she has, which lies uselessly buried in her vaults.

Finally, America is losing, in every month that passes, an amount of trade so enormous that, to put it at the lowest basis of reason, she stands to gain much more by ending War Debts than by continuing them.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Turkey in the League

WE rejoice that Turkey has been invited to enter the League and we are glad to be able to put on record the agreeable fact that she has accepted the invitation.

It is no small thing that Turkey thus becomes a member of the great world League from which we all hope so much. The New Turkey, under the presidency of Mustapha Kemal, is making enormous strides, and in My Magazine this month we have shown how much she is accomplishing under the talented leadership she has chosen.

The speeches in the League Assembly on July 6 recognised that Turkey represents a very important element in the peace and stability of the world. We have learned to respect Turkey as an enemy, and we now welcome her as a friend and collaborator in world development.

## The Bad Boy

WE like what the Chief Constable of Norwich is reported to have said about the Bad Boy:

*I am convinced that naturally bad boys are hard to find. If you lead me to your gang of young miscreants I will prove to you that the lads constituting the gang are full of potential charm, heroism, and righteousness.*

The fact is, we suspect, that the average bad boy's chief quality is the pure mischievousness of the young. Puppies, kittens, young robins—all alike are enviably full of high spirits, which have to be spent somehow.

The secret of dealing with this endearing quality is to provide means for its harmless expression. The bad boy of our towns usually gets into trouble because his circumstances give him little or no opportunity for the right kind of playfulness. Life is, and ought to be, rather jolly for the young.

## Pure American

A POLICE witness adds to our knowledge of the American language.

Speaking of a prisoner he said: "When M—— was charged he said Uh huh!" and the judge remarked, "He said what?" The witness then explained that Uh huh is American slang for Yes.

We do not know how that can be, but we are always open to conviction. All the reports we have from America show that the American Yes is usually Ye-ah. We have also heard a distinguished American say Yep, but this seems almost to have gone out of fashion in favour of Ye-ah. Indeed, we are assured that it is almost impossible to ask anything from an American at the present time without getting a reply which begins with the word Ye-ah.

Pity our poor mother tongue, the most precious heritage we have!

## Kenneth Grahame

It is a sorrowful thing that Kenneth Grahame is dead. He had lived to be 73, but it seemed as if he could not ever be old.

To Heaven (Jesus told men so)  
Only the child-like ones may go.  
What bliss is Grahame's now, to see  
None but his favourite company!

## Trusting the World

ONE more little witness we have of the safety of trusting the world.

We were in a little church in Sussex near the sea, and on the table, just through an arch the Normans made of chalk 800 years ago, was a plate full of coppers for anybody to take or for anybody to add to.

We need not say that none took them but many added to them.

## Tip-Cat

PROSPERITY will probably come when our great financiers are too busy to tell us it is coming.

THERE are fewer buttons on clothes than there used to be. And fewer clothes on buttons.

THE out-of-doors movement is producing many new books. They, too, come out.

A TRAVELLER observes that German boys usually have fresh complexions. Wonder what they do with their old ones.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a man settles up when he pays down

A MAN says he always enjoys a run in his car. Surely the seats must get in the way.

CHANGE the position of your furniture when you get tired of it. Or let it shift for itself.

A CORRESPONDENT wants

to find companions for a visit to the English Lakes. No doubt many people will fall in with him.

ALWAYS take precautions in wet weather, says a doctor. Some people prefer mackintoshes.

A SCOTSMAN likes to come to London to look round. Evidently doesn't want to look long.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TALBOT HOUSE, the birthplace of Toc H has been endowed with £10,000 by Lord Wakefield.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL has removed 120 hoardings because they were unsightly.

A LADY of Ripon is to restore the Cathedral bells in memory of her parents.

## JUST AN IDEA

Every time we lose a chance of doing good somebody has lost something.

## The Plough Horse Speaks

DAY after day this old brown field I pace;  
I reach the hedge and then the way retrace,

LEADING the plough. My feet on the soft ground  
Tread silently. There is no sound

BUT for the gulls sad crying  
(Like swift airships about me flying)

AND my master singing some quiet song,  
And ever I walk and walk one furrow long.

AND then I see fall from my master's hand  
What seems just crumbled bits of dust, or sand.

BUT his song tells me that those crumbs are seeds;  
That from them come sweet bread for all men's needs.

COULD I but trust such strange words to be true,  
There would seem reason for the work I do,

FOR now I see no sense why, day by day,  
I pace and pace the same brown muddy way. Marjorie Wilson

## C.N. Philosophies

## Fiction

TO many minds fiction is a great relief from the humdrum of a workaday world. It is a sort of anaesthetic, and for that reason some condemn it. But the beauty of colour, the glory of a sunset, the variety of a skyscape, the melodies of Nature and Art, all help us on what is sometimes a dusty path through life.

Often we do not see things till they are drawn for us. Nor do we see some characters in life until they are sketched for us by some master hand in the pages of fiction. What Hamlets we see in real life! What Micawbers! Then did real fiction die with Shakespeare and Scott, with Dickens and Thackeray? We should be false to our belief in man's immortal destiny if we did not believe in man's power of intellectual and artistic growth.

There are many good writers today, in spite of the flood of puerile film scenarios and the trash which sells on our bookstalls; and the great function of fiction and drama is the same as the function of painting—to show us things going on in life around us and help us to understand how a man or woman came to such a pass.

But this art, whether it be written or dramatic art, fails of its high purpose if we fail in our turn to appreciate the lesson it teaches us or to learn to sympathise with the frailty or admire the courage which is common to all. There is a high courage innate in most of us, and it is one function of art to show the greatness of humanity struggling with adversity. In the spirit of Robert Burns we learn that rank is but the guinea stamp, and that gold is gold for all that.



## SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO

### THE GREAT IDEA OF WORK-FOR-EVERYMAN

How It Has Been Carried Out in South Wales

### THE SPLENDID THING DONE AT BRYNMAWR

Something of great promise has just happened. It was all very quietly done, but it is more important than some of the news that gets big headlines in the sensational papers.

There exists in the world today a band of golden-hearted people called the International Voluntary Service Committee, whose headquarters are in Switzerland. Their aim, as C.N. readers know, is to help communities in distress by sending young folk to work for them in holiday time.

#### A Regiment of Students

When Lagarde, a little village in Southern France, was destroyed by floods the Committee sent quite a regiment of students to clear up the mess and help in rebuilding the village. Lagarde was warm in its gratitude.

Now it is Brynmawr's turn. There is terrible unemployment in Brynmawr, but the workless men have saved themselves from despair by toiling unpaid for the community. In spite of much opposition these men have worked steadily for two years at the task of transforming one of the ugliest and most neglected rubbish tips in the town into a pleasure ground, and they have also made a fine swimming-pool.

A big piece of encouragement was given them at the start by the Duke of Beaufort. He gave the site of seven acres to the town, and although there were many difficulties people interested in the scheme managed to raise enough money for the cost of the materials. Quite a substantial sum was raised by the people of Brynmawr.

#### Old Friendships Renewed

When the International Voluntary Service heard of this enterprising scheme they sent a band of students during the last summer holidays to work with the unemployed and prepare the foundations of the pool and make the gardens. A camp was set up, and students of ten nationalities came for three months and did much good by their sympathy with a town suffering so badly from the depression caused by eight years of unemployment. This year several students have come back to help again and to renew old friendships at the camp, which is being held for a second time at Brynmawr.

Much still remains to be done before the whole of the plan is complete, and in the meantime the swimming-pool is being run and looked after voluntarily by students until the end of the summer.

#### Waste Land Transformed

The swimming and paddling pool and the transformed waste ground, now beautiful with trees and flowers, have been opened by the Duchess of Beaufort, and M. Elie Carla, the Mayor of Lagarde, was an honoured guest. M. Pierre Ceresole, the founder of the International Voluntary Service, who was leader of the camp last summer, also came over to the opening. When the villagers of Lagarde learned of the Committee's new work and of the suffering in Brynmawr they decided to send all the money left over from their own reconstruction fund.

After Lagarde had been rebuilt £143 remained from the sum collected, and all this was sent to help Brynmawr to make its swimming and paddling pool and gardens.

Once upon a time a village in France would not have sent money to a place in

## ONE OR TWO SMALL THINGS

HISTORY looks back on little things, and one or two little events will come into the story of Lausanne.

Perhaps the gossip in a hundred years to come, in telling the story of how Europe found Peace at last through M. Herriot and Mr MacDonald, will tell how, on arriving in Paris, Miss MacDonald received a sheaf of Madame Edouard Herriot roses. It was Madame Herriot who carried off the first prize in a world rose competition.

We may not have the Tricolour, but our English rose plots are fragrant with an Entente Cordiale.

Perhaps the gossip will tell also how M. Herriot, leaving the Chamber of

Agreement at Lausanne, found two girls and greeted them, saluting the French one with a kiss on either cheek, and then the other, gaily saying, "Yes, I must kiss a German girl today."

The new German Chancellor made the day notable by saying to the French journalists that he was the first German statesman to recognise that France had a claim to compensation, and all three statesmen had tremendous welcomes on arriving at their stations in Paris, London, and Berlin.

The whole ridiculous scheme of Reparations has gone, and, in the words of an old book, "a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

## RAHERE IN HIS CHURCH



The choir screen of the ancient church of St Bartholomew in London has been adorned with a series of paintings by Mr Frank Beresford showing incidents in the life of Rahere, the founder. In these two panels Rahere is shown receiving the charter from Henry the First in 1133, ten years after he had begun to build it. See page 4.



Continued from the previous column

Wales. The people would have said "It is not our business." Now there is a very different spirit abroad. The world has begun to believe in the Brotherhood of Man. There were students of ten nationalities at work on Brynmawr's pool. That is a wonderful thing.

We are coming to the age of peace and goodwill at last.

The swimming-pool is only part of a scheme for finding the unemployed men of Brynmawr voluntary work to do for the community, and the Prime Minister has sent to Mr Peter Scott, the organiser of the experiment, a message saying that he is very glad it has completed another stage. "You and your fellow-workers," he wrote, "have given a notable demonstration of what unemployed men can do to help the community and to save

their own self-respect and physical health from the corrupting effects of enforced idleness. I congratulate you all most warmly on what you have accomplished, and I hope that your example will be widely followed."

And so say all of us. The C.N. hopes the unemployed men everywhere will find some work to do and pay back to the State in public service the equivalent of the pay they receive from the State.

A friendly message was sent by Mr George Lansbury, who wishes that this splendid work could be extended throughout the country. There is nothing better, he says, for the men and women concerned than to work together in the spirit of comradeship and mutual help.

Ours is a grey sky, but there are streaks of dawn on the horizon.

## THE DANGER IN YOUR MILK

### LEADING DOCTORS PRESS FOR PURITY

How the City of Toronto Has Banished Tuberculosis

### BOIL CHEAP MILK BEFORE YOU DRINK IT

Ever since the Editor of the C.N. remembers anything of politics there has been a movement in favour of Pure Milk; and it is one of the most astonishing examples of the ridiculous way in which politics is managed that the cry is still raised with alarming insistence. All who know the facts are becoming more and more concerned at the unsatisfactory character of much of the milk we drink.

At a Mansion House Conference the other day the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons told the nation clearly what dangers they run by letting the subject drift, and pointing out how simple are the remedies.

#### An Alarming Statement

The Committee of the People's League of Public Health has issued a report on tuberculosis due to drinking milk, and one of the alarming statements in it is that only 400 herds in England and Wales comply with the conditions laid down to ensure the supply of pure milk. The Committee strongly advocated the pasteurisation of all milk unless the herds were certified as absolutely free from tuberculosis.

It has been found that 2000 people, mostly children, die each year from germs in milk, that from 2 to 13 per cent of the samples taken contain living tubercle germs, and that about one cow in a hundred is tuberculous.

It is difficult to trace disease germs to their source owing to the modern methods of mixing milk from many sources in large containers.

Lord Dawson pointed out that Toronto has for some years pasteurised all its milk, and ever since this has been done no death has occurred from this form of disease. Pasteurisation is practised on a large scale in London by the milk companies themselves, and should be practised everywhere. He added that the slight loss of nourishment caused by the treatment could easily be supplied from another source.

#### Manchester Leads the Way

Lord Moynihan reminded the conference that he felt so strongly on the subject that he had devoted to it his maiden speech in the House of Lords. The farmers, and even the Board of Agriculture, failed to see how grave was the burden of disease and suffering caused by impure milk. He wanted to see more milk drunk, but it must be purer milk even if it cost a little more.

The only large town in this country which appears to have taken steps in this matter is Manchester, whose Lord Mayor declared that his Council were convinced of the unsatisfactory state of their milk and were already asking Parliament to empower them to compel the pasteurisation of all milk sold in their city, excepting only the certified grades.

The C.N. urges the enactment of such a measure for all England, and until a law is passed it advises its readers not to give up drinking milk, but to boil it first, adding orange juice to replace what is lost in the process.

#### THE OLDEST PIT PONY

Gipsy, a 30-year-old pony which has worked in the Whitwell Colliery in Derbyshire for 26 years, is claimed to be the oldest pit pony in England.

The pony works a thousand feet below ground, and recently was brought up in order to be exhibited at a show in Yorkshire. It is said that he had not previously seen daylight for five years.



## ENGLISH POEMS 1000 YEARS OLD

### THE EXETER BOOK

Pagan and Christian Poetry of Cynewulf the Saxon

### SONGS THAT WERE SUNG TO ALFRED

Students at our principal libraries and a goodly number of others will soon be able to study one of the oldest and most precious books that the English language possesses.

The famous Exeter Book, which has been preserved in the Exeter Cathedral library during the nine centuries of its history, is to be published in facsimile, and the 250 copies of its first published edition will be eagerly sought after.

The book is a collection of Saxon poems, proverbs, and metrical phrases written on vellum in the tenth century and given as a book to his cathedral by Leofric, who was its first bishop, ten years before the Norman Conquest.

#### Link With the Old Sagas

The poems are a link with the old sagas and the sacred poems which belong to the time when peace came with Christianity.

Caedmon of Northumbria had led the way in the seventh century, and his successor Cynewulf is the chief contributor to the rich store in the 360 pages of the Exeter Book.

Here we can read the poems Cynewulf wrote before he embraced Christianity, when he was still a wild, radiant youth and a wandering minstrel singing of the bow and the spear, of fire and tempest, and of animals and birds of the lonely countryside of early Britain.

We read of the sorrow of his middle years and of the serenity of his old age, which is reflected in some of the most beautiful of religious poems that have ever been written. The work he called Christ is in spirit and grandeur a forerunner of Milton's epic poems; it ends with a glowing description of the saints in the perfect land.

#### When Alfred Was a Boy

Cynewulf lived either in the eighth or ninth century, and we like to think that Alfred himself might have learned by heart some of the poems in this book when he was a boy.

It has been said that Alfred himself ordered the compilation of this book, but there is no proof of this, though its very existence is a proof of our great king's influence on the love of letters among his subjects. He was, as we know, one of the earliest and one of the best friends of reading, as well as the first of our great rulers and the founder of the British Fleet.

One other thing about this manuscript is the beauty of the letters and the neat arrangement of the lines. No printed page of our own time can look better than do some of the pages in this old book.

### MISS FRANCE AND HER OLIVE BRANCH

Letters from our friends in France will henceforward bear a symbol of peace and brotherhood. We hope it may foreshadow a peaceful view of the world by our neighbours.

The new design for the French stamps representing one and a half francs, the rate for foreign letters, shows a figure of the Republic offering an olive branch. One of the greatest of modern painters, Paul Laurens, designed this stamp shortly before he died.

There is a figure of the Sower on the stamp which this new stamp replaces. His seed has brought forth the best possible fruit in this case, and we pray that this olive branch may long be held by the lady of the Republic.

## What He Would Do With the World A WISE MAN SPEAKS HIS MIND

An American Professor's Way Out of His Country's Troubles

### LESS POLITICS, LESS TARIFFS, LESS ARMS

The world should listen to every wise man in these days, and one of America's wise professors has been saying to his countrymen what should be done to put America straight.

Much of what he says applies to all countries, and we take some passages from his speech. The speaker was Professor W. E. Dodd, of Chicago University, and his five remedies for the World Crisis are roughly:

*A better distribution of the rewards of labour; Back to the land for city workers with country experience;*

*A thorough reform of banking; Less politics and fewer political burdens on the taxpayer;*

*Pulling down of tariff walls and reduction of armaments.*

Milk in the country (said the professor) is worth three to four cents a quart; in the city it sells from ten to fifteen. Wheat on the farm sells for thirty or forty cents a bushel; in the city bread is worth only a little less than in wartime. Hides bring a cent a pound on the farm; they sell for forty cents a pound to the shoe and harness-maker.

#### The Greatest Problem

Here is the first and the greatest problem: an appreciable equalising of the returns of life so that men may feel confidence in the system and find means to buy the basic necessities of life. The remedy is not easy, but it is possible.

Let city councils forget for a moment the political consequences of their conduct and guarantee the men who send them their food at least half the cost to the consumer.

It can be done; and both organised labour and organised capital will be the better for the remedy.

The most urgent remedy is the root-and-branch reform of American banking. It will take half a century for financiers to regain the confidence of our people. It is tragic beyond any former banking situation in American history.

The English have borne for ten years a depression like the present. They have not had a bank failure, I believe, since 1870. Canada has suffered almost as severely as the people of this country; Canada has had practically no bank failures. Let the public now take steps to prevent a repetition of what has happened here. A deposit in a bank ought to be a sacred fund that no man may trifle with.

#### Deflation of Politics

There remains one of the greatest of all the remedies: the deflation of politics. Taxpayers are burdened with the maintenance of useless or dispensable office-holders who hang like leeches upon the social system and seem as willing to risk total national collapse as were the hangers-on of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth. They have no conscience.

The Veterans Bureau in Washington alone costs the public as much as the whole national administration in 1914; men who are slightly ill receive large pensions; other men who have never suffered real illness receive like sums; and some have homes of their own and have ceased work because the Government allows them enough to support their families. There has never been anything more flagrant. No real, brave soldier would thus exploit his country.

If the abuses and the robberies of politicians and bosses and business men allied with them could be corrected the taxpayers of Chicago would cease their strike, where they are not ruined, and governmental salaries would flow again into the legitimate channels of economic life. It only requires about ten courageous and trusted men in a State to do the work and two-score men in Congress might break down the system of abuses which bears so heavily upon all life.

But there is an equally important approach to a solution: the relations of this country to the other countries of the world. Men swear the United States is now isolated from the rest of the world and that it has ever been so. There is no greater misreading of the facts. There has never been a time when the United States was free of the rest of the world; nor has there been a moment since the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles when the country was not perturbed or depressed by Europe or the Far East. Let honest men face honest facts.

The United States must call an international conference with the avowed purpose of reciprocal reduction of tariff walls. The result would be more friendly relations and a slow recovery of markets. Some labour might be displaced; it is already displaced. But when the world sold more to us she would buy more from us. There is something unworthy about the United States being afraid of even the slightest competition with other peoples. Nor can mankind afford to allow military preparations to go on their wild course as at present.

#### Rural Life and Productive Power

The 750 millions we spend a year on armaments might go far to rehabilitate rural life and productive power. The Army and the Navy and the Air Service ought all to be put into one department and all military activities be turned into defence. If tariffs were lowered and armaments made to conform to treaty promises the world would rest easier and there would everywhere be free funds for the restoration of economic life: more buying power, more freedom for new ventures.

Of all countries the United States is the best located for leadership in this field and of all countries the United States has professed most loudly its peaceful purposes. Latin America alone might go a long way to buy American surpluses if American leadership would cease to threaten and insult the Latin-American peoples.

*There is nobody anywhere to make the United States afraid; yet the United States leads the world in military expenditure.*

With trade restored and militarism eased, cooperation in Asia and Russia would slowly follow. In three years the ills and the jealousies engendered since 1920 might be cured, and if these remedies were successfully applied and the peace of the world restored it would not require more than half a decade to recover from the depressing conditions which bear so heavily on life today.

#### THE DEADLY SWITCHBOARD

The growth of the British electrical industry, both as a matter of generation and supply, has produced a heavy crop of severe and minor accidents, including many fatalities.

Electrical apparatus is now handled by hundreds of thousands who have no scientific knowledge of electricity and do not realise the risks they run. This ignorance will disappear in time, as boys become more and more familiar with the details of electrical apparatus.

It is becoming very difficult to arrange switchboards so that they can be made "dead" when work has to be done upon them. Thus risks are incurred and short circuits cause serious accidents. All those in charge of switchboards should see that proper precaution is taken to protect the workers by wrapping conductors and so on.

We are glad to know that the Electricity Board is giving attention to this important matter.

## RESCUED FROM A WITCH DOCTOR

The Ant-Heap Baby

### HOW WILL THE STORY END?

Never, we think, has a passenger arrived at Avonmouth with a stranger history than the Negro baby who came on the Mary Slessor some time ago.

A missionary and his wife were travelling through Liberia when they heard a baby crying. They looked about and discovered a tiny infant fastened to the top of an ant heap. With indignant haste the white woman released and cuddled the poor mite, while her husband went to the native huts near by and asked for its history.

The child's father said the mother had died when the baby was born, and so the people thought there was a curse upon it. They consulted the witch doctor, who said that it must be fastened to the ant heap and there left to its fate. That was the will of the spirits.

#### A Trying Holiday Task

Mr Davey, the missionary, knew it would not be safe to leave the child in the village, but he could not kidnap it. So he persuaded the father it was Heaven's will that it should not die, or else his feet would not have been guided to the place. He begged the man to let him take the baby away, and at last the man consented on condition that Mr Davey brought the child back in a year's time.

The good missionary and his wife have a year's leave. Mrs Davey will spend all her hard-earned holiday in tending the Negro baby through the most trying months of an infant's existence.

She will have bad nights and busy days: she will always be making or washing clothes, and she will have many a bite as the baby cuts its teeth.

#### The Future

Then, just as the child reaches an attractive age, and just when the hardest work is done, Mr and Mrs Davey will keep their promise to take the child back to the village where it was born, and where they found it tied to an ant heap.

The baby was not four months old when it reached England. We should like to hear the end of the story, but somehow we think it will be a happy ending.

The African father will let the white woman keep the baby she has tended so well: the child will learn to read and write, and may grow up to bring glory to its race.

#### SAD CASE OF PHILADELPHIA

That fine city Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, is reported to have 200,000 unemployed.

As neither the Federal Government nor the State Government has unemployed insurance laws, Philadelphia set up a special committee to give unemployment relief.

This committee has distributed 10,000,000 dollars in relief and now announces that it must end its activities for want of funds.

We could have no clearer proof of the general distress that has visited the American people.

#### READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

In preparation for the holiday traffic, which is now reaching its busiest point, the L.M.S. has renewed 550 miles of permanent way. This has involved the use of more than 82,000 tons of British steel rails, nearly 1,200,000 sleepers, and more than two and a quarter million of the chairs which support the rails on the sleepers.

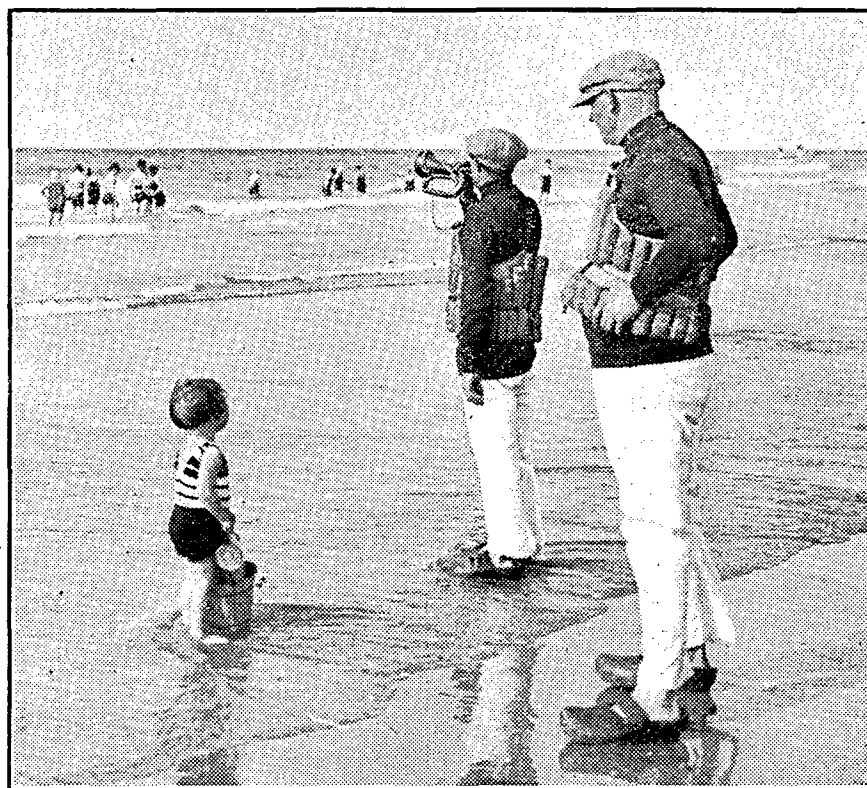
About 250 passenger coaches have also been built in the L.M.S. works.



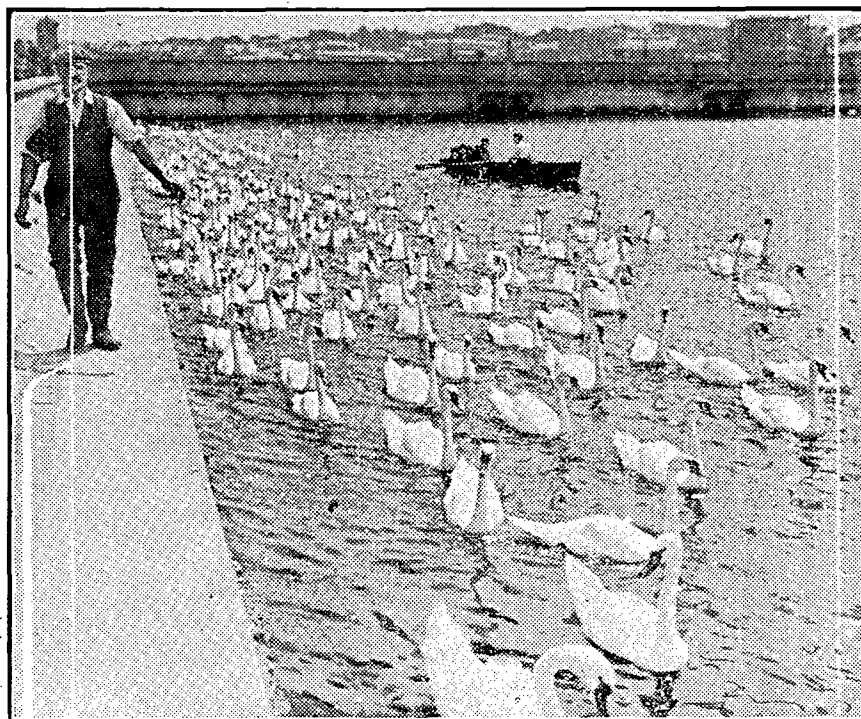
# GUARDING BATHERS · PUNCH AND JUDY · DRAKE'S GAME OF BOWLS



The Salute—Girls who competed in the school athletic championships at Guildford gave a Roman salute, as seen here, when they marched past the Mayor.



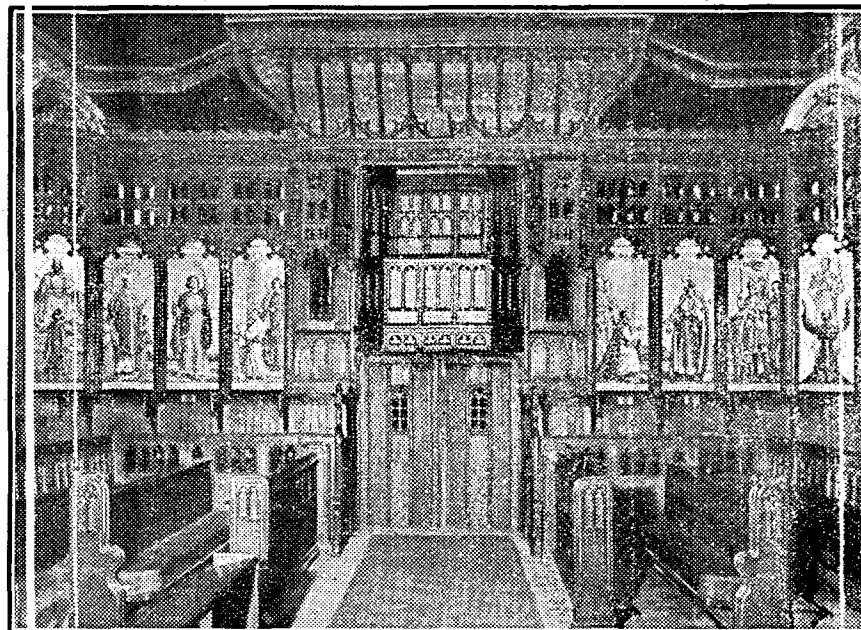
The Safety Men—In this picture from Blankenberghe, on the Belgian coast, a little paddler is interested in the life-guard who uses a bugle to warn too-venturesome bathers.



Ready For Dinner—The numerous swans on Radipole Lake, Weymouth, are here seen following their keeper as he walks along the bank at feeding-time.



An Old Favourite—Punch and Judy have a never-failing audience of delighted boys and girls. This picture was taken on Children's Day at the Ranelagh Club in South-West London.



Rehere Pictures—Here is the choir screen of St Bartholomew's Church for which Mr Frank Beresford painted scenes from the life of Rahere, the founder. See page 4.



Drake's Game—One of the scenes in a pageant at Plymouth was Drake playing the historic game of bowls on the Hoe when the Spanish Armada was approaching.



## GOOD AND BAD NEWS FOR BIRDS

### MORE SANCTUARIES

Growing Friendliness For Our Dumb Friends Everywhere

### OIL PERIL AT SEA CONTINUES

Three pieces of good news shine out from the new report of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which is saving for posterity more than we shall ever know of our priceless possession of bird life.

At Dungeness in Kent a permanent sanctuary of 250 acres, a veritable land of Bird's Desire, has been made through the generosity of Mr R. B. Burrowes and two other friends of the birds.

Next comes the good tidings that Romney Marsh Sanctuary can be bought by the society, for in spite of hard times almost all the money required has now been raised.

### An Ideal Nature-Reserve

Five acres and a cow may be the ideal property for a man. For wild birds the five acres at Eastwood in Cheshire, with a ravine and a stream running through it, lately bequeathed to the society by Mr John Cheetham and his sister, make an ideal Nature Reserve for birds and wild life. Money has been left for the upkeep of this property; and still better news came the other day, for another member of the Cheetham family has added some adjoining land, also with money for upkeep.

More sombre is some of the news. The shameful oil-pollution of the sea continues; but even here the dark cloud has a silver lining.

A few months ago a certain oil company was fined £25 and costs for allowing oil to escape off the Welsh coast. There has lately been a fine of £50, and in South Wales several societies have joined in an attempt to have ships fitted with oil separators and to urge international action to make them compulsory. This is obviously the remedy.

### Control of Water Pollution

Our American cousins are also becoming more aware of the evil, and a Bill is at present before the American legislature for the control of all water pollution, coastal and inland.

New perils for wild birds spring up every year. Many are killed because of the frantic speed of motors, and a general appeal has been made to motorists to sound their hooters to warn wild birds from the roads. By colliding with wires stretched across their regular lines of flight birds are frequently killed or fatally injured. The R.S.P.B. is urging the Post Office to fix game-guards on all electric wires in areas where birds are likely to suffer, and we believe these are being put on some of the pylons.

### Pole-Traps and Kingfishers

Better protection of migrating birds and the stamping-out of cruelties such as pole-catching are other activities of the society. Last year a barbarian was let off with a small fine for illegally setting pole-traps round fish ponds. He had caught 17 kingfishers, many of which had had their legs broken, and had shot more than 20 herons, which are protected birds.

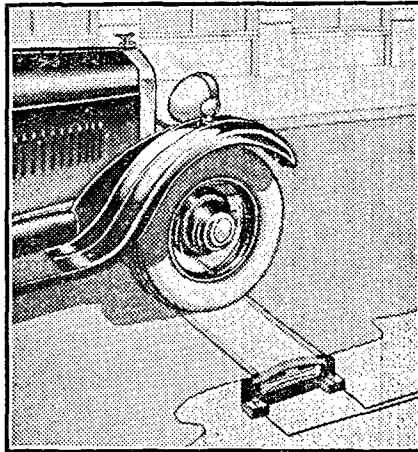
In Herefordshire a keeper was fined for catching with pole-traps some owls, buzzards, and a sparrow hawk, all of which had broken legs.

The society is not discouraged. Harder than ever the members intend to fight the dragon which threatens bird life wherever civilisation appears.

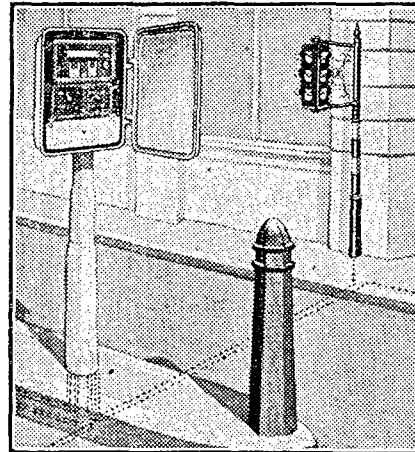
### To Mothers Everywhere

*A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.*

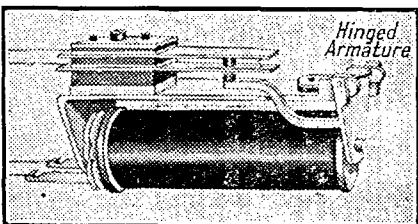
## HOW TRAFFIC CONTROLS ITSELF



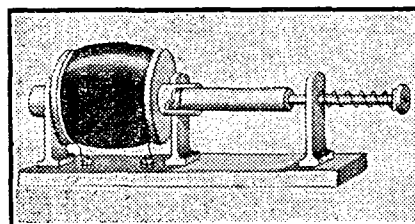
1. A car passing over the detector, a movable strip in the road. Each time it is depressed it makes an electric contact.



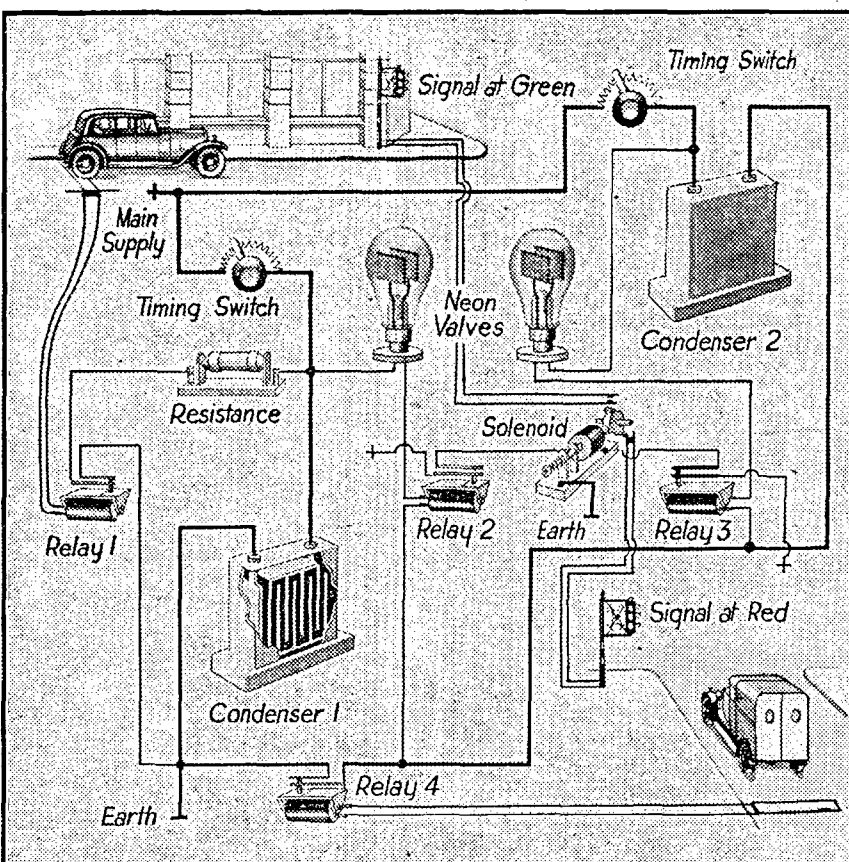
2. The control box containing the relays and switches which work the signal lights seen on the right of the picture.



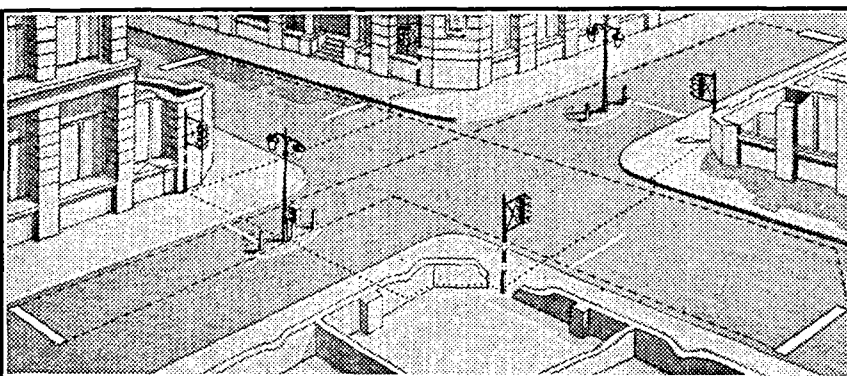
3. One of the relays employed in the circuit. It is a kind of electro-magnetic switch.



4. The solenoid, another form of electro-magnetic switch that operates the lights.



5. A simplified picture-diagram showing what happens in the control-box, as described in the next column. To avoid complication only two sections of the crossing are shown.



6. A cross-roads, with the buildings cut away to show all four detectors and the white lines beyond which waiting vehicles may not pass.

A wonderful new electro-automatic signal enabling traffic to control itself has been tried at a busy London crossing. It has proved so successful in operation during the past few months that several others are to be installed at other cross-roads where the traffic is heavy. These pictures and the description in the next column help to explain as simply as possible how this very intricate mechanism works.

## THE ROBOT TRAFFIC CONTROL

### Movable Strip in the Road AND THE WONDER INSIDE A LITTLE BOX

A new type of traffic signal is making its appearance at certain busy cross-roads in London.

It is a signal which is actually controlled by the traffic itself. If there is a pause in the flow of traffic on the road which has the right of way the signal lights automatically change to give the right of way to the other road if traffic is waiting to cross over.

In each road is a movable section, or detector, as seen in the first picture. The weight of a vehicle passing over the detector closes a contact and completes an electrical circuit, sending an impulse of current to the control box, which is seen in the next picture. In the control box are a number of relays and switches which control the lights.

### Relay and Solenoid

Picture 3 shows one of the relays. A current passing through a coil of wire magnetises the iron and attracts the hinged metal armature on the right of the relay. This forces together the contact springs mounted above, and so makes a circuit for a current to flow in another path. Immediately the current ceases to flow in the coil the coil ceases to be a magnet, and the springs open and force the armature to its normal position.

Picture 4 shows the solenoid. In this is a similar coil of wire and a core of soft iron. But the core slides in and out of the coil, being pulled into it when the current is flowing and pulled out to its normal position by a spring when the current ceases. These in-and-out movements operate a switch.

### How It Works

The next picture shows how the system operates.

The signal at green shows that traffic may pass. Condenser 1 is fully charged with electricity from the main supply, and each time a vehicle crosses a detector and operates relay 1 a certain amount of current is allowed to run to earth through the resistance. This loss is slowly made good again from the main supply, and until it is made good the right of way cannot go to the other road.

This happens if there is a seven-second pause in the flow of traffic, which means that no impulses have been received from the detector for that period. At the end of the pause the condenser is fully charged. If a vehicle crosses a detector on the other road it operates relay 4, and the current is allowed to run to earth by way of the neon valve and the coil of relay 2. The relay makes a circuit which causes the solenoid to operate and change the lamp signals, so giving the right of way to the waiting traffic.

### The Right of Way

The other neon valve, condenser 2, and relay 3 form a limiting circuit which prevents one road from holding the right of way to the exclusion of the other; but if there is a seven-second pause in the flow of traffic on one road waiting traffic on the other is given the right of way.

Should a vehicle cross a detector while the right of way is on the other road, and before the expiry of the maximum limiting interval, the relay is prevented from being released by a locking circuit. The limiting interval may be fixed as needed by means of a timing switch.

In the last picture the broken lines indicate the wires from the detectors to the controller, and the dotted lines wires from the control box to the lanterns.

These pictures have been prepared with the help of the Automatic Electric Company Ltd. of Liverpool, makers of the Electro-matic traffic control equipment.



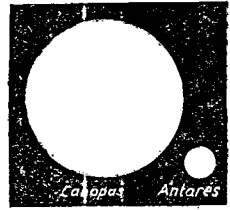
## LARGEST KNOWN SUN WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT The Green Flash of a Bright Red Star

### ANTARES OR CANOPUS?

By the C.N. Astronomer

Which is the largest star? This is a question not infrequently asked, and if expressed as the largest *known* star it may be easily answered, for it is just now right in front of us and may be readily seen on any clear evening as soon as it is dark.

There is no mistaking it, for this colossal sun appears as the brightest star in the south-west sky between 10 and 11 o'clock. It is at about the same height above the horizon as Saturn, which is the brightest object in the south-east sky.



Known for over 2000 years as Antares, it is also known to astronomers as Alpha Scorpii, because it is the brightest star in the constellation of Scorpius, the Scorpion. The strikingly reddish colour of Antares will serve quickly to identify it.

Antares, however, possesses a singular green flash which may be observed from time to time commingling with its prevailing red rays when the sky is clear. This green flash has been found to come from a greenish-tinted companion sun to Antares, but of much smaller dimensions, for it is of only 5½ magnitude. It might, however, actually be seen with the naked eye did it not appear so close as to be lost in the radiance of this super-giant sun.

This radiance amounts to about 3400 times the radiance of our Sun; it seems terrific, but it is relatively small for a sun so immense as Antares, which is about sixty million times the size of our Sun and has a diameter of about 390,000,000 miles.

We see, therefore, that this sun's width extends for over a hundred million miles beyond the limits of the Earth's orbit, so that, were the centre of Antares no farther away than the centre of our Sun—that is, 93,000,000 miles on an average—our world would be doomed to revolve eternally over a hundred million miles down in the depths of Antares; depths that are just a whirl of fiery vapour.

#### Swirling Sphere of Fire-Mist

For Antares, notwithstanding its terrific immensity, is only about 30 times the weight of our Sun. There is, indeed, no more than thirty times more material in Antares were it "condensed," so to speak, to a similar consistency as our Sun. Instead Antares is a colossal swirling sphere of fire-mist more jarred than our atmosphere, but blasting with the heat of a Bunsen burner.

Now Antares has a rival, Canopus, a star apparently more brilliant, which is due south of Sirius when Sirius is high in our southern skies. Canopus is about as far below our horizon as Sirius is above it, which accounts for us never seeing Canopus from Britain.

Owing to this great southern declination of Canopus it has not been possible to measure its diameter with the interferometer at Mount Wilson, but some idea of the relative immensity of Canopus as compared with Antares may be gleaned from the carefully made calculation that, while Antares radiates about 3400 times more light than our Sun, Canopus radiates 80,000 times as much.

G. F. M.

Turkey has adopted the metric system of reckoning; it will begin at the end of this year.

## A MAN AND HIS DOG A Little Picture From Hungary

There are few things pleasanter than to have a first-rate writer tell us, with all the gift of words at his command, of his friendship with his favourite dog. Here is a delightful thumb-nail sketch by an eminent Hungarian novelist of his wire-haired dachshund.

Dachshunds are generally supposed to be humorous beasts; but that is a mistake. They are extremely serious creatures, though their intelligence and strongly-developed sense of individuality often tend to create comical situations around them. My dachshund is tremendously fond of me; but she refuses to sacrifice her own individuality even for my sake, and will go out of her way half-a-dozen times a day to prove her independence. For instance, she will, in the act of jumping on to a chair, change her mind in mid-air and drop back with a bored air if I am rash enough to encourage her by word or gesture.

#### At the Cross Roads

In our common walks it may easily happen that our interests will clash, I wishing to go in one direction while she has important private affairs in another. In these cases the weaker side has to yield, and she does so, but with such an air of studied tolerance as you might display in giving way to a dangerous maniac whom it is inadvisable to contradict. No one, seeing us, could help realising that on these expeditions I stand for brute force, while she represents comprehending intellect.

She hates going out in the mud, which is hardly surprising, considering the perilous proximity of her stomach to the ground. But as dogs must have exercise and the weather takes no account of the dislikes of dachshunds she cannot always escape. She revenges herself by stopping every passer-by and looking up into his or her face with large, pathetic eyes that make them melt with pity and regard me as an odious tyrant. Once an unknown lady rated me soundly for my heartlessness and cruelty, while the little wretch stood by glowing with satisfaction.

But though she hates the rain she will rush out into it gladly if I utter the magic words 'We'll take the car.' For she adores motoring, and will unhesitatingly ask even complete strangers for a lift. Chauffeurs in her eyes represent the flower of humanity.

#### Where She Drew the Line

She is very sensitive. One day she fell off her chair in her sleep and a lady visitor laughed. Though she was a particular favourite it was long before she was forgiven; indeed, she had to explain very gently and seriously that so intelligent a person must be able to take a joke before the dog could be brought to look at her again or to take even the most tempting morsel from her.

Once she forgot herself so far as to take a sweet from a box on the table. The maid reported the misdeed, and summary justice was dealt. I expected sulks, but none came; she knew she had deserved her whipping. But when, hours later, the same maid came into the room she assaulted her furiously. Retribution was all right, but she drew the line at informers.

Like most dogs, she knows what it means to see a suit-case being packed, and is correspondingly miserable. What is singular is that she seems to have an instinctive foreknowledge of the day of my return, and that on that day no enticement can lure her from the gate until she has got me safely back again.

#### A WEEKLY GOOD DEED

Have you ever thought how difficult it is for a newsagent to order just the right number of copies of any paper each week? C.N. readers can make his task much easier by placing a regular order.

In this way you will not only help him to order correctly and avoid waste, but will make sure of getting your copy regularly.

## THE POSTMAN PAINTER His Pictures on View in Mayfair

### SAMUEL HANCOCK'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Our cheerful friend the postman does not spend all his time knocking at our doors and delivering letters.

In the midst of Mayfair a remarkable exhibition of pictures painted by a postman in his leisure hours has been on view at the Arlington Rooms in Bond Street. One of them, showing London Bridge at night, was hung at the Royal Academy.

Samuel Hancock was the name of this postman painter. For 40 years he went his rounds with his letter-bag, and all the time he was seeing pictures he longed to put on canvas.

Off duty he did not waste a moment, and painted with such enthusiasm that, although he had no instruction, he became a skilful artist.

At last the day to which he had been eagerly looking forward arrived. He retired, and his dream came true of settling down and painting from morning to night. But it seems that the work he was meant to do in the world was accomplished, and six months later he had painted his last picture and laid down his palette for ever.

Many visitors to the exhibition, which was held in aid of his widow, have been astonished at Samuel Hancock's achievement.

## BIDDENHAM'S DOVECOTE A Very Happy Idea

The pigeons are back in Biddenham, the lovely Bedford village hidden among trees between high road and river.

For 200 years a dovecote has stood in a field beside the manor house. It was built by the lady of the manor, Elizabeth Boteler, at the end of the 17th century, so that the birds should not lack food in the long drear winters.

She built it of brick and timber, and a handsome pile it was; but years after it was covered with plaster and fell into disrepair so that the pigeons gradually deserted it.

Today it stands as it stood of old, a proud possession for any village. Professor Richardson, to whom Bedfordshire owes many restorations of ancient beauty, has shown the local craftsmen how to renew its weathered fabric and a flock of pigeons has been installed into the 461 niches by the present owner of the estate.

Little Biddenham has set an example which we hope will be copied by many owners of the derelict dovecotes to be found all over our countryside.

## THE OLD FERRYMAN CROSSES THE RIVER

Everyone who lives near the upper reaches of the Thames knew Jimmy Bunce, the 84-year-old ferryman at Windsor.

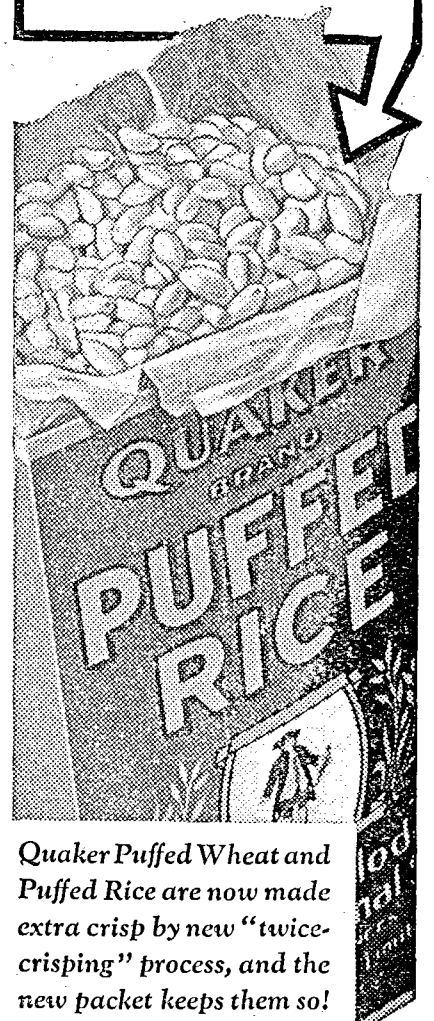
Now his day is over, and this original old character will no more be seen leisurely crossing the river he loved.

Some fishermen hailed him the other day, and he ferried them in his punt from Windsor wharf to the Cobler, a piece of ground between the main river and the weir stream.

Then Jimmy Bunce made his last crossing of the Thames. He shipped his dripping pole and moored his punt, which was like an old familiar friend. Then he sat down by the water's edge and quietly passed away.

The lady sheriff of Nottingham has presented 22 copies of Arthur Mee's Children's Bible to children leaving school this year.

Kept crisp  
in this new  
Seal Krisp  
packet!



Crisp! Delightfully fresh and crunchy! Quaker Puffed Grains have always been the ideal ready-to-serve breakfast cereal.

And now they've been made twice as crisp—twice as good as ever before. By a special "twice-crisping" process, that crisps them once—then again. Then seals them piping-hot into the new Seal Krisp package, which prevents any damp or variation in temperature affecting the contents.

You'll notice the difference with your first spoonful. No other cereal enjoys this "twice-crisping" process. No other cereal brings you Nature's finest grain foods, puffed to complete digestibility.

Get Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer . . . let your family enjoy these enticing foods . . . new in their extra crisp flavour.

**PUFFED RICE**  
ALSO  
**PUFFED WHEAT**

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.





# FREE Today!

## Real Working Model —Fast Scout BI-PLANE

"The CHUMS" Condor 1

*Complete and Ready for Assembling*

This wonderful working model Single-Seater Scout Bi-Plane—designed on the lines of the fastest R.A.F. Machines—is given complete with the August CHUMS. It is produced in full military colours, is fitted with a modern under-carriage and metal tail skid, and will fly 75 yards. It is only obtainable with CHUMS—the most up-to-date magazine for boys. A second splendid gift is also included in this issue—a superb

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Then comes a wonderful budget of exhilarating stories and entertaining articles, including—

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A thrilling serial of Buccaneer adventure on the Spanish Main, by Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. EVANS, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

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### NOT CRICKET

A long, complete story by ROWLAND YORKE.

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### MODEL GLIDERS

An up-to-date article featuring details of the CHUMS Model Glider.

### SPECIAL FILM SUPPLEMENT

A boy's guide to the pictures by HORACE RICHARDS.

CHUMS has been famous for many, many years—and is now more popular than ever. Every month it is crammed with splendid stories of school, sport and adventure—the sort that boys really like. Its regular features include two magnificent serials, a book-length story and short stories. There are also articles on hobbies, a special film feature, copious illustrations, and 8 Pages in PHOTOGRAVURE. Buy it every month.

# CHUMS

The Most Up-to-date Magazine for Boys

Buy the August issue Today - 1/-

## THE LITTLE TRAINS

### A Vehicle For the Empire's Lonely Spaces

A new kind of road train has been evolved for use in parts of the Empire where there are no railways.

The problem of efficient motor transport for these parts has for long received the attention of the Oversea Mechanical Transport Council, and the new vehicle is the result of the Council's experiments.

It consists of an eight-wheeled lorry to which are attached two eight-wheeled trailers. All the twenty-four wheels have large pneumatic tyres, and the complete train is designed to carry a load of 15 tons. The coupling of the vehicle is arranged so that the wheels of the trailers follow in the tracks of the tractor wheels even at a sharp turn.

In the conditions for which the vehicle has been designed an average speed of 15 miles an hour is expected, with a petrol consumption of a gallon for every two and a half miles. A three-ton lorry in similar conditions would run four to five miles on a gallon.

If the experiments, which are being continued, prove successful this new vehicle should play a great part in opening up lonely areas of the Empire which cannot hope for railways.

## GREAT INVENTIONS

### And Their Small Beginnings

In this wonderful age we are, perhaps, too much inclined to take everyday marvels as a matter of course.

An exhibition now open at the Science Museum in South Kensington does much to bring home to us the enormous strides that have been made in the last 75 years.

The exhibition commemorates the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of the old South Kensington Museum in 1857, and a very interesting section shows the progress of invention in the period since then.

Numerous models and pictures show the vast improvements in the fields of transport, the home, the office, and so on.

The little buses of three-quarters of a century ago appear very curious against the smooth-running giants of today, and so does a railway engine of 1862 when seen against a locomotive of recent times.

The development of air transport from the Gifford dirigible to the 40-seater Handley Page plane is also shown.

It can here be seen that the electric sewing-machine of to-day is a distant relation of the sewing-machine which Singer designed in 1854; and the evolution of the typewriter is another interesting exhibit.

## WHO WAS HUMBOLDT?

Born Berlin, 1769. Died Berlin, 1859.

As a child he was called The Little Apothecary, so keen was his devotion to scientific subjects.

At twenty he had matured his powers and resolved on the career of scientist and explorer. All his studies were directed to that end.

He travelled through Europe, spent some years as a mining engineer, resumed his European travels and studies, then made a productive exploring trip to Mexico and South America. For the next twenty years he resided mainly in Paris, engaged in scientific pursuits, went to Berlin, and then, at the invitation of the Emperor of Russia, set out on an expedition to Siberia and the Caspian Sea.

The monumental results of his investigations were given to the world in thirty volumes of brilliant writings. He found time to discharge numerous important political missions, and was not less esteemed as a diplomat than as a great master of learning: the Encyclopedia of Science, as Emerson has named him.

## TRADES ONCE

### SWEATED

### What Reform Has Done

Over twenty years ago an Act of Parliament was passed which has been extremely successful. We refer to the Trade Boards Act.

The Act established a minimum wage for certain scheduled trades with low rates of payment. Some were what are called sweated trades, in which workers were so poorly paid that they endured extreme hardships.

One of the trades badly sweated was the cardboard or paper-box making trade. In the old days poor women, helped by their children, often made these boxes in dreadful slums under appalling conditions.

Now there is a minimum rate for paper-box making of a farthing over a shilling an hour for males and a little over 7d an hour for females. In the old days workers sometimes earned less than half these rates.

Other trades once badly sweated were chain-makers, brush and broom-makers, lace finishers, tailors, and others. In all these cases minimum rates have been fixed which range for women from 6d to 7½d an hour and for men from 10½d to 1s 2d an hour.

The Act of 1909 was later extended to cover other trades which, although not actually sweated, were nevertheless badly paid. In all some 40 trades are brought under these beneficent Acts.

## A SURPRISE IN A SPOUT

We must not blame the builder when our houses have damp walls if we do not keep our gutters clean.



A Stood correspondent has sent us a photograph of a vigorous young elder tree of four years growth which was found rooted in soil accumulated in the top of a rainwater spout.

Covered with luxuriant foliage, it was five feet long and the lower part had taken the shape of the spout. The gutters near were choked with grass and groundsel growing in good soil, probably collected

from the dust continually raised in the High Street, which is one of the busiest and narrowest parts of the Kent arterial road to the coast.

## A NEW LION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

A lion in stone or bronze often greets us from our public buildings. Now a beautifully-mounted specimen of an African lion greets every visitor to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington as he approaches the hall of the animals found in the British Empire.

This new specimen of the King of Beasts stands in a glass case with a background resembling that of his native wilds, and a veritable King of the Beasts he looks.

The group of people known as Friends of the Museum have also added greatly to its collection of birds. A group of rare birds has come from Portuguese East Africa, including two species new to science. While his friends were watching and fighting in Mesopotamia during the war a doctor spent his leisure in collecting birds, with the result that the museum is richer by 750 specimens from that district; and by the courtesy of the Chinese Government 1000 birds obtained from Yunnan have been transferred to the museum.



## A GOOD-BYE AT THE ZOO

### RAJAH'S QUIET LIFE

Another Monkey Appears in the Menagerie

### FEEDING-TIME FOR THE BEETLES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Rajah, the Zoo's famous tame tiger, has retired from public life. He has said good-bye to his exhibition cage and all the social obligations it entailed and is living in seclusion at the back of the Lion House.

This Zoo pensioner is the oldest inhabitant of the Lion House. He came to the menagerie in 1919, and though he was full grown and had had no previous experience of being a pet he grew so tame that strangers could stroke him.

#### The Keeper and His Old Friend

When commanded by his keeper, Rajah would stretch himself against the bars of his den and lie perfectly still while visitors patted his magnificent head and powerful body. He never failed to respond to the sound of a familiar voice by purring loudly in greeting, and with the head-keeper, who tamed him, the tiger has always been on amazingly good terms.

But, alas! of late Rajah has been failing in health. He must be some eighteen or twenty years of age, and he both feels his years and shows it. He suffers from rheumatism, walks with a pronounced limp, and looks sadly decrepit. He became more and more unwilling to lie down or be stroked, for the poor old fellow was afraid that a clumsy hand might give his stiff bones a nasty jar.

The sight of this great beast enfeebled by age and conscious of his decrepitude was a painful one, and the Zoo authorities, decided that Rajah ought to be given a long fatal dose of chloroform. But the head-keeper, to whom the tiger had ever been faithful, pleaded that his old friend should be spared.

#### The Sentence Repealed

He pointed out that Rajah still got some pleasure out of life since he had kept his teeth and enjoyed his food; and so after some discussion the death sentence was repealed. Instead of being destroyed the famous Zoo favourite was placed on the retired list. Provided with a comfortable bed of straw and a regular supply of joints he is spending his last days in peace away from staring eyes and the noise of the crowds: Poor, dear old Rajah having a well-earned rest.

A third baby monkey has been born in the menagerie. This one is a crab-eating macaque, a queer wee creature who snuggles down shyly against his mother's breast as though afraid of being snatched away from her. The mother animal is a rather irritable and suspicious creature, but she is much too proud of her baby to wish to hide him from admirers, and so she shows him off, but scolds visitors to keep them at a distance.

#### The Spider on Guard

Soon there may be a family of bird-eating spiders in the Insect House, for one of these large hairy spiders is trying to hatch a brood of eggs. One morning she began to spin zealously until she had spun a strong silken blanket. On this she deposited her collection of eggs and then once more she spun and made a covering for them; and finally she rolled the whole thing into a ball.

She is now spending all her time mounting guard over the silken ball containing eggs, deserting it only for a few seconds at feeding-time.

This section of the menagerie has a new feature—feeding-time for beetles. Every Wednesday and Friday at 3 p.m. a piece of meat is lowered into the tank containing voracious water-beetles, and the way these insects rush to the food and battle for their share of it provides an amusing entertainment.

## A LITTLE TOWN RECALLS ITS PAST

### The Bulwark of the West

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

The little Hungarian town of Kőszeg, close to the Austrian border, has been recalling its past.

It is a glorious past, of which it may well be proud. Exactly 400 years ago the Turkish Sultan Soliman, who six years before had subjected the greater part of Hungary to his rule, advanced with a powerful army toward Vienna.

Sixteen fortresses and fortified towns succumbed to him, and he never thought the tiny fortress of Kőszeg would dare to withstand him. But it barred his way so effectually that he was forced to settle down under its walls to besiege it.

#### The Condition of Surrender

The commander of the fort, Michael Jurisics, had allowed the women, children, and old men of the surrounding countryside to seek refuge within its walls. The trained force at his command was almost laughably small, but he armed the citizens and peasants and so raised the numbers of the defending troops to 700. Of these, 350 were killed almost at once. But the survivors refused to surrender even after a Turkish mine had made a large breach in the main wall of the citadel.

It was only when the ammunition was exhausted and the garrison reduced to a handful that Jurisics, himself severely wounded, consented to have the Turkish flag hoisted as a sign of surrender, but only on condition that the Sultan's troops would thereupon withdraw without entering the town.

#### Wise Diplomacy

That this singular condition was complied with was owing as much to Jurisics's wise diplomacy as to his brilliant bravery; for during a former visit to Constantinople he had gained the personal friendship of the Sultan's Grand Vizier; and this friendship now obtained for him and his garrison terms he could never have got otherwise.

Meanwhile the purpose he had aimed at was attained. With his handful of peasants and peaceable citizens he had held the great Sultan's army in check for over four weeks, during which time the Austrian and German forces had been so effectually reinforced that all chance of taking Vienna was over for the time being.

In fact, as an English writer has recently put it, "by its resistance to overwhelming odds, Kőszeg set the seal on Hungary's right to call herself the Bulwark of the West against the Surge of the East."

This is the glorious past which the little town has been recalling, amid festivities and solemnities at which the Regent of Hungary as well as many other notabilities were present.

#### TOO MUCH SPORT

By Jean Borotra

There is a danger in these modern times of too much sport.

This danger is perhaps not so apparent in England as elsewhere because you as a country have a well-balanced mind in connection with sport, and, having practised it for fifty years or more, there is less danger of your making too much of it.

But it would be a great pity if our youths, as a result of what they read and hear, were to grow up with an idea that to become a champion is as desirable as to continue in study or business. I know well that a boy who excels in one sport or another may have difficulty in avoiding the demands that may be put upon him by his school, his college, and ultimately his country. But I do say emphatically that there is probably not more than, say, one in a thousand who should adopt this course.



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# THE SEEKERS

Serial Story by  
Martin Cobb

## What Has Happened Before

Jerry Richardson is spending a holiday with his uncle, a famous archaeologist, who is excavating ruins in Mesopotamia. Jerry discovers the treasure of the Sumerian Prince Nebu.

## CHAPTER 7

### The Bag Vanishes

SIR WILLIAM HORFIELD, as soon as he had satisfied himself that all the rebelling workmen had gone to the camp, left Jerry and Keith in charge of the treasure, and set off to interview the rebels. Jerry looked after the staunch figure uneasily.

"I don't like letting him go off alone," he said.

"I honestly don't think he is in any danger," returned Keith. "You see, the men have not had time to learn what we've just uncovered. They'll be only too glad to let him go quietly."

"Why should we go quietly?" cried Jerry hotly. "We have a right to these excavations. Why should we submit tamely to being driven out of them?"

"Your uncle doesn't mind that, I think," returned Keith. "He has found the heat and exertion very trying these past weeks, and told me that if it weren't for your disappointment and the contract he was under to his workmen he would be very glad to leave the excavations for this year and go back to England. He felt he needed a little rest before term starts."

Jerry nodded. His uncle held the chair of archaeology in one of the English universities.

"He needn't have thought of me," he said. "Anyway, I don't mind leaving now, as we've found all this. I wonder if there's any left back in here."

At that moment Sir William, looking dishevelled and indignant, came up.

"The wretches had the audacity to search me!" he cried. "But they found nothing except my keys, with which they opened my boxes. They've commandeered all our food supplies, but they gave me back my keys, money, and watch."

"Alas!" thought Jerry. "The old story." He looked at Keith, who winked and patted the bulge in his shirt which showed where the pottery shards were safely stowed away.

"What about taking these things away, sir. Do you think we'll be able to do it?"

Sir William came out of his angry musings. "I've arranged all that," he said. "It is all really very puzzling. I asked if they meant to steal our finds as well as our food and supplies, and the villain who seemed to be in charge—though he looked an ordinary workman like the rest—said there would be no difficulty about that. He gave me a couple of big packing-cases and said we could put our mud-brick tablets in those and take them away with us; he didn't want them. I insisted that we should do our own packing alone, and he remarked insolently that that suited him very well; he had other ways of occupying his men."

"Bravo, sir! I didn't know you were such a Machiavelli," cried Jerry. "Where are the packing-cases? If only they don't take a notion to search them before we get away."

"I don't expect they will. They know what has been uncovered up to now, or think they do. Who could have guessed that such a treasure as this would come to light in the few last moments of our stay!"

"Just the same, we'll get it out of sight quickly for fear they come to watch."

Keith and Jerry ran to the outer trench where Sir William had left the cases.

"I fancy they are all occupied in searching our tents at the moment," remarked Sir William, packing busily.

"I'm certain that what they are looking for is that set of inscribed pottery fragments," said Jerry.

"It appears to be the only solution," admitted Sir William.

A few days later the three were walking about the streets of Constantinople, dressed in such ready-made garments as they could buy at a so-called English tailor's there. They had arrived wearing their earth-soiled working clothes. Sir William, meanwhile, had interviewed Government officials, and set on foot punitive action against the men who had seized the excavations. He had interviewed also museum officials, and the two big packing-cases had disappeared from their luggage.

To Jerry's surprise and secret chagrin, his uncle had chosen as his share of the trea-

sure trove only the vase of thin white stone in which the strange characters were incised. "This is to go in a bag by itself," said Sir William, holding the beautiful vase carefully in his hands, and peering at the inscriptions on its side. "I can scarcely wait until we get it safely back to England, where I shall apply myself to learning what these strange inscriptions mean."

"It is still sealed, Uncle," remarked Jerry. "Do you suppose it contains more treasure?"

Sir William did not reply. He was looking at his watch. "Almost time for the train," he said. "Pack it in, Jerry. I make you responsible for this particular bag. Keep it beside you until we get back to our own country."

Keith Foster, whose father was lecturing in America, had been invited to accompany the others to Sir William's old country house in England.

"I'll feel far safer once that vase is installed in your uncle's library," he murmured to Jerry, as they settled themselves in the train.

They got safely to Dover, and breathed thankfully the law-abiding air of England. But in the Customs Jerry was required to open the bag containing the vase. As is usual in the Dover Customs, there were many people crowded against one another waiting for their luggage to be examined. As the official pointed to the fateful bag Jerry found his key with such obvious reluctance that the official examined its contents with special care. As he uncovered the vase Keith nudged Jerry. A man in horn-rimmed glasses had gasped at the sight of it, and was now craning his neck for a closer look.

"Not dutiable," said Jerry shortly, trying to cover up the vase.

His haste seemed suspicious to the Customs official.

"Why is it sealed?" he demanded.

Jerry sighed. "It's five thousand years old, my friend," he said, "and is not dutiable."

"I ought to look inside," said the Customs officer, fingering the seal uncertainly.

"How do I know—"

At the man's movement Keith, watching the horn-rimmed gentleman closely, thought he was going to have a fit.

"Why is he so afraid it may be opened?" he thought.

At that moment, fortunately, Sir William came up. "What is the trouble, Jerry?"

Jerry explained. "This gentleman thinks we may be smuggling silk stockings inside your Sumerian vase, sir."

"You are mistaken," said Sir William courteously to the Customs official. "So far as we know, the Sumerians did not cultivate the silkworm. It seems extremely improbable that they wore stockings of any kind."

The man looked at the old gentleman before him for a moment, then shrugged and put down the vase. With a sigh of relief Jerry saw the coveted scrawl of white chalk appear on the side of his precious bag, and started away.

In the queue at the passport office, however, he put down the bag on the floor for a moment to ease his arm. A second later it was gone. Jerry clutched Keith's arm, and together the two ran in search. In the distance a man was walking rapidly with the bag in his hand.

"You have my bag!" said Jerry as they caught up with him.

"Nonsense," said the man truculently. Jerry noticed that he had an American drawl and red hair.

"We'll trouble you to give it back," said Keith, glancing toward a policeman.

The man looked down at the bag and permitted an expression of extreme astonishment to spread over his face.

"Why, I believe I have made a mistake. My dear sir, I do hope you will forgive me. Quite natural to make these little mistakes in the confusion."

The two boys looked uncertainly at the policeman, who had drawn near.

"It may have been a real mistake," said the policeman in a friendly tone. "It's the sort of thing that happens every day in the rush, with all the luggage lying about higgledy-piggledy. Better just take it, and let the matter drop."

"All right," said Keith, and Jerry added over his shoulder as they went away with the bag safely in their possession: "We'll remember you if we see you again."

Across the face of the man he addressed spread a wide and unbelieving smile. "Do you think you will?" he said quietly.

## CHAPTER 8

### The American Visitor

It was in Sir William's country house, and the boys were dressing for the dinner-party Sir William was giving that night to scientific friends who had come down from London. The boys' rooms were adjoining, and Keith had come in for a yarn before putting on his dinner-coat.

"We're better off than we were before the Dover episode, any way," Jerry remarked. "We've had a good look at the sportsman who's trying to do us out of our pottery. Red hair, American drawl, horn-rimmed spectacles—I'd know him in a million."

"Yes," returned Keith more soberly, "but we've to put against that the fact that he knows about the vase."

Jerry nodded. "Have you done anything about translating the writing on it?"

"Haven't had a chance yet," said Keith ruefully. "I've been prowling about the house since the moment I arrived, hoping to get it to myself for a while. Your uncle has kept it in his study ever since we got here—but I know he intends putting it in that cabinet in the end, for he had it cleared specially."

"What's Uncle doing with it?" asked Jerry, trying to get his tie straight and not succeeding.

"I haven't the vaguest notion. He can't be reading the inscriptions—unless he's asked you for the key symbols on the pottery. Has he?"

"No," returned Jerry. "They're here in my collar drawer. I ought to take them in to him, I suppose."

"I wouldn't," said Keith hesitantly, unless he asks for them. Your uncle is most learned and I venerate him, but you can't deny he's a little absent-minded. I can't help thinking that those fragments are safer in our hands for the moment."

"Right-o!" said Jerry, pulling open his collar drawer to make sure the precious fragments were safe. "I'll sleep with them under my pillow if you think I ought to."

"I do," returned his friend. "Wrap them up in a handkerchief, and keep them in your pocket during the day. Or, if that's too much bother, let me do it."

"Thanks, I'll keep an eye on them," said Jerry carelessly, and turned as his uncle came into the room. "Have you got that Sumerian vase in your study, Uncle Bill?" he asked.

"Not now," returned Sir William. "I have just locked it into the glass cabinet at the end of the library. I thought the learned gentlemen who are coming to dinner might be interested in seeing it."

"But you have had it in your study, haven't you, sir? Have you read the inscriptions on it?" asked Keith.

"No. I have only been examining it at my leisure. I have to write a paper for the archaeological society. As soon as that is out of the way I mean to get down to the translation in good earnest."

Sir William glanced at his watch. "Come down when you are ready."

When the boys went down they found that the guests had already assembled. Jerry knew all of them by sight, except one, a distinguished-looking man with dark hair whitened at the temples, a lean, dark face, grey eyes, and slender hands. His uncle introduced him as Professor Archibald Carrington of Alabama University. When the stranger spoke, however, he betrayed no trace of American accent.

"You have made some very interesting discoveries, I understand, in your excavations at Ub-al-Addad," he said pleasantly to Jerry.

Sir William overheard.

"Perhaps you gentlemen would like to look at a very curious find we made there," he suggested. "We have yet some minutes before dinner is announced."

With murmurs of interest, the little group followed Sir William into the library, where the vase stood in a glass cabinet at the far end of the room.

The stranger looked at it closely. "You have not unsealed it, I notice," he remarked.

"No, not yet. You see the inscription runs over the sealing. I mean to make sure of that before the seal is broken. In any case, the vase probably contains nothing but a few bones."

Jerry, watching the stranger idly, was astonished to see that he was trembling with excitement.

"I must urge you not to break that seal under any circumstances!" he cried vehemently.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO BORROWS AN UMBRELLA

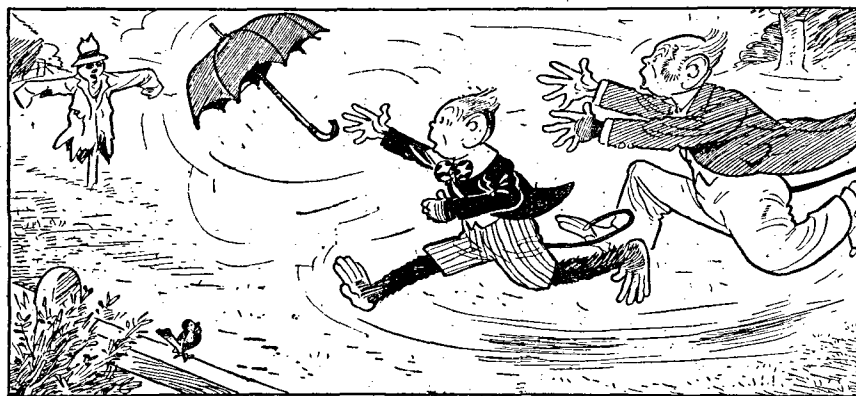
JACKO was very disgusted one evening when a downpour of rain threatened to keep him indoors.

All the others had gone out, and, what was worse, their umbrellas had gone too.

Suddenly he brightened up. "Coo! there's Dad's new gamp upstairs," he

Then he thought no more about it till Father suddenly banged on the breakfast table, and demanded to know who had taken his new umbrella. "Tell me this instant," he bellowed, glaring round at everyone.

Jacko quietly slipped from the room.



A sudden gust of wind whisked it in the air

chuckled. "I'll borrow that, and stick it back before he comes in."

But when Jacko arrived home the umbrella was so drenched that he could only leave it in the kitchen sink to drain.

The next morning he hurried downstairs before anyone was up, and found to his horror that he'd put the umbrella under a dripping water-tap! Instead of being dry it was wetter than ever.

"Help!" groaned Jacko. "What on earth can I do?"

Soon he had a fine idea. He scampered into the garden where he opened out the umbrella and hooked it by the handle to some railings.

"And now you dry up in five minutes," he muttered, shaking his fist at the sopping wet object.

The next minute they were startled to hear a wild yell outside.

"It's gone!" shrieked Jacko. "The wind's blown it away!"

Off he started on a frantic search, till he spied a muddy-looking object lopping about in a newly-ploughed field.

Quick as lightning, he scrambled through the hedge, and breathlessly chased it all over the place.

"Got you, you brute!" panted Jacko, as he caught up at last and made a desperate grab.

But a sudden gust of wind whisked it in the air, and two seconds later it lodged on a scarecrow.

It was Father Jacko who hauled down his bedraggled treasure, and promptly used it on the culprit's shoulders!



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July 30, 1932

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## THE BRAN TUB

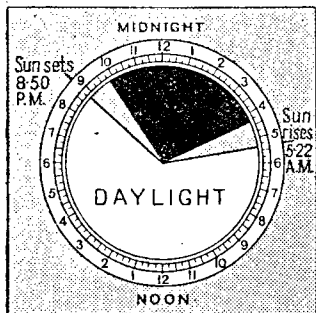
### The Number of the Car

FATHER was filling up a form "What is the number of our car, Jack?" he asked his son. "I can remember the letters but not the figures." "Well, Dad," replied Jack, "the first and last figures are the same, and if you multiply them together you get the two middle figures. Also the sum of the two middle figures gives the first and the last figure."

What was the number?

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

### Very Remarkable

A SIDESHOW at a circus was advertised as The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World. The people who paid to go in the tent found that it contained only a man of normal stature. When they demanded an explanation of the proprietor he pointed out that the man was the tallest dwarf in the world.

### Early Days

Victor Hugo. "A garden, an old priest, and my mother," those were his three teachers, Victor Hugo tells us. At the age of fourteen he wrote several verse plays and at fifteen sent a poem to the French Academy, which gained for him the title of "the sublime child."

But he was a severe critic of his own work, and under one batch of his poems he wrote: "I am fifteen, I have done badly, but I shall be able to do better."

### A Holiday Letter

WHEN Jack went on his holiday Bill, who had to stay at home, said: "Write me a nice letter, Jack; give me something to think about." So Jack did give him something to think about; he wrote a note in which he jumbled the letters in some of

the words. Can you decipher them?

"We are having the most TFLILDUEHGWREEAH for our holiday. The SOMHRAETE is very bracing, and everyone SPEARAP to be GYNNJIOE himself LSEMEYNM. The old MATNOBE are playing a HRLUFOGHISN trade. The ROSPTIE are drawing RTPCAPVEEIAI CDNUESIA, and we are all storing up NALASEPT SEMIROEM to bring home with us."

Answer next week

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to July 2, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1932	DEATHS 1931
London	5557	5802	3425	3093
Glasgow	1883	1841	1054	959
Birmingham	1396	1440	703	718
Belfast	659	771	403	384
Leeds	624	623	444	398
Edinburgh	560	589	391	383
Newcastle	427	485	218	237
Cardiff	313	337	191	172
Norwich	151	148	96	91
Warrington	122	107	54	64
Gloucester	81	75	50	40
Exeter	71	95	45	56

### Ici On Parle Français



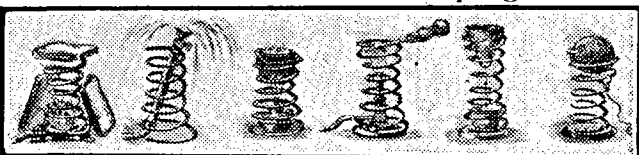
La médaille Le maire Le moulin  
Il aura bien mérité sa médaille.  
M. le Maire présida le conseil.  
Les ailes du moulin tourneront.

### What Animal Is This?

IN the grain but not in the wheat,  
In the drink but not in the eat,  
In the bore but not in the dig,  
In the large but not in the big,  
In the loaf but not in the cake,  
In the fry but not in the bake,  
In the bell but not in the toll,  
In Africa you'll find my whole.

Answer next week

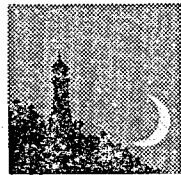
### How To Use An Old Bed-Spring



An old coil bed-spring such as is found in many spring mattresses of the thick variety, can be made use of in many ways, some of which are shown here. Beyond being drawn out a little it requires practically no preparation. To open the top part, the spring should be fixed in a vice,

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-West and Venus and Mars are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-East, Jupiter is in the West, and Mercury is in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Friday, August 5.



### Hidden Fruit Puzzle

COMPLETE these six words and get the names of two popular fruits.

A—B—T  
C—R—Y  
S—E—K  
H—U—T  
S—A—S  
F—R—S

The meanings of the words are: The head of a monastery. To convey from one point to another. To creep or crawl away. To visit habitually. Things that catch. Sums paid for journeys.

Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Moving the Planks. He started with two planks, left one at halfway, and carried the other the full distance. He returned for the third plank, carried it to halfway, picked up the plank already there, and completed the journey with two planks.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. FLUTE 2. BORE 3. OLD 4. RAM 5. GRAY 6. PAUL 7. IS 8. LORIS 9. L. NEEDS 10. EAR 11. ATTENDS 12. RED 13. GRILL 14. ADO 15. ERODE 16. EOSIN 17. SOLUS 18. N 19. SALT 20. ESEN 21. ESPY

Picture Puzzle. oGRE, tAPe, lEFT, dRUM, kITE—GRAPEFRUIT.

Behead and Curtail. Madam, Adam, Ada.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### He Does

THE oldest inhabitant was being interviewed.

"Do you enjoy good health?" he was asked.

"Rather!" he replied. "Who doesn't?"

### Not In

THE absent-minded professor had forgotten his key one dark night, so he knocked at his own street door.

"The professor is not at home," called the maid from a window above.

"Oh, very well," remarked the man of learning as he turned to go, "I'll call again."

### Worn Out



WHEN Mary bought a party frock

She wore it out so soon:  
Because she wore it out to tea  
That very afternoon.

### Quite So

ALAN: Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels?

Joan: Unquestionably!

### Where Are the Builders?

THE Newrich family had just returned from a foreign tour.

"Did you see the remains of Herculeaneum?" Mrs N. was asked.

"Yes," she replied, "but I was rather disappointed with them; they were so badly in need of repair."

### Raining and Hailing

IT was raining hard and all the taxi-drivers appeared to be deaf or blind.

"Talk of raining cats and dogs," grumbled the man on the kerb; "it's nothing to hailing taxis."

### Left and Right

MISTRESS: Mary, you are placing the knives and forks left-handed.

New Maid: So I am, mum; please help me to turn the table and then they will be right.

Of Course,  
You've  
Heard of  
MORCOVE  
SCHOOL!



Well, rather! Who hasn't? Schoolgirls the world over know Morcove School and Betty Barton and her chums of the Fourth Form. They're the jolliest, cheeriest people imaginable, and their adventures are recorded every week in the pages of the SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN. Such adventures, too! Thrilling, amusing and romantic adventures that will hold every girl enthralled for hours. Always make sure of your copy of the

# SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN

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and Teetotal Too!"



Kindly fill up and post this coupon NOW for a

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**MASON'S**  
Extract of Herbs  
and make ONE GALLON  
OF THE FINEST BEVERAGE  
IN THE WORLD  
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### COUPON

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.—Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of the finest beverage in the world. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

Name.....  
Address.....  
(in Block Letters).....  
C.N.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

SIMON was staying with his granny in the country. He loved playing in the big garden and climbing the trees, for at home he had no trees to climb and only a tiny garden with fences all round it.

One of his favourite games, when he was too hot to race about, was to play at a green-grocer's shop. He would gather bunches of cow-parsley for rhubarb, and use stones for potatoes, and his granny would let him have the small green bird-cherries which were too sour to eat. He also found some tiny apples which had fallen off the trees, and so with bunches of grass and wild flowers he made a splendid shop under the big elm tree.

He had to pretend that customers came to buy from

his shop, because there was no one real to come, except the gardener, and he was far too busy.



Simon held his breath

Soon Simon grew tired of pretending: he did wish someone real would come to buy his fruit and vegetables. He wished it more than ever

today, because Granny had found a whole bagful of nuts in the cupboard which she had given him for his shop.

He emptied the pile of nuts on to a big rhubarb leaf and sat down on the other side of the box, which was his counter, to wait for customers.

After a time Simon heard a funny little cracking noise, and at first he could not make out what it was. Then, as he peeped round the box, he saw a little grey squirrel sitting on its hindlegs busily eating one of his nuts.

Simon held his breath with delight, as he watched the squirrel stripping off the skin with its little sharp teeth and munching happily. Even when Simon got up very carefully the squirrel only ran off

## SIMON'S CUSTOMER

a few feet and stopped, watching Simon with its bright beady little eyes.

Simon threw down another nut. The squirrel pounced after it, and began to crack its shell. Then Simon threw another, and another; and he was so delighted with his customer that he never even thought of asking him to pay for his nuts.

"I'm going to keep all these nuts for you," Simon said to the squirrel, when it ran off at last up the tree trunk. "If you come again tomorrow I will give you some more."

And, sure enough, the squirrel came back nearly every day for the nuts. Simon was delighted with his little customer in the grey fur coat.